

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion



- **When the Old Is New—Elizabeth F. Tibbals**
- **The Family Goes on Vacation—Frances Dunlap Heron**

JUNE, 1952 • 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat

Tonight, as we poke the half-burnt log on our hearthstone, a brisk breeze gaily whisks the bright sparks out of our blackened chimney. They dance a few seconds in the star-lighted sky, then dart on into space, to the east and west, to the north and south.

And the fuel for these sparks, whence did it come? From the men and women who wrote the articles and stories in this issue. Their contributions came from hearthsides scattered all over the land—from Maine and Massachusetts to Florida; from California to Pennsylvania and Connecticut; from Arizona, to Ontario; and from the center of our land—from Utah through Missouri, Illinois and Indiana. The two children's stories? Why, they're from Lewiston, Maine, and Mesa, Arizona.

That reminds us of a true story. A few years ago a mother, father and daughter were at the customs line, about to enter the United States from Canada. The inspector asked them where they were born. "In Canada," replied the father. "In Massachusetts," said the mother. "In Colorado," said the daughter. "Well, how did you three ever get together?" said the inspector.

With *Hearthstone*, it's this way. . . . Serving, as it does, two large Protestant communions spread throughout the United States and beyond, we have two editorial offices—in the East, in Philadelphia; in the Middle West, in St. Louis. Here are collected the written thoughts and ideas of ministers and missionaries, parents and teachers and other men and women who do not just "brood about a better world." They are writers who try to make it so, and they begin by looking to its very foundations—the Christian home and the Christian family.

Just scan the titles of the articles in the adjoining column and you'll see what we mean. Our contributors do not write with gloomy brow, nor with black ink on blacker paper. That is the reason why there are sparks to fly!

Next Month . . . A Fourth of July treat in which the wife of a U. S. Congressman tells how they helped their children to understand that "This Is a Free Country." . . . An article on family camping, based on a summer's experience at Green Lake, Wisconsin. . . . "When There Are Children": A few pointers for order in the house. . . . "Just Like a Man!": Men will like it, and so will the fair-minded fairer ones. . . . Fiction . . . Tell us how you like them.

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A
Word
from
The
Word



—From the painting by August Noack.

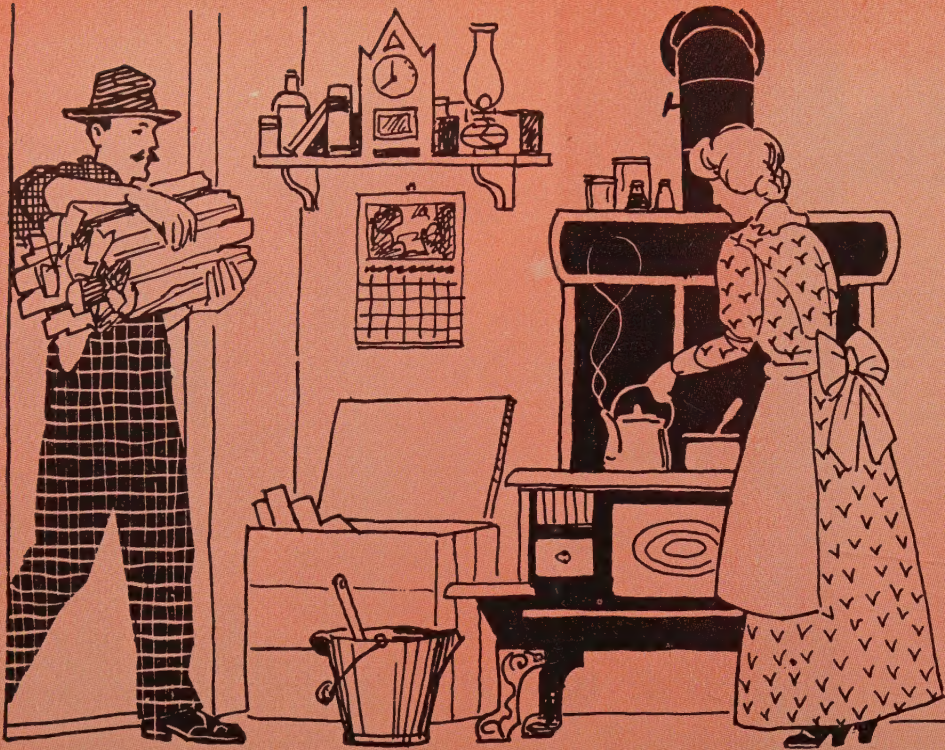
THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Marks of the Ideal Christian

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
"Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
"Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God."

—Matthew 5:3-9.



WHE

A three-year-old found the wood stoves at Grandmother's unbelievably fascinating. The ornate ironwork, and the stovepipe which bent at right angles, were brand-new to him.

*To keep alive a child's spirit of wonder
and expectancy, his tolerance of
ways not his own, and to widen his
horizon—all these may be
accomplished in astonishingly simple
ways IF parents will but try. And
here are some ideas. . . Perhaps you'll
smell Grandpa's kerosene lamp
burning as you read this article. . . .
Turn down the wick! It's smoking!*

A CHILD WENT FORTH one morning to play: An electric alarm clock woke him from sleep. A mechanical juicer squeezed his orange which was ice cold from the electric refrigerator. His egg, bought in a carton at the local super market the day before, was cooked on an electric stove. His toast popped golden brown from an automatic toaster through no effort of his.

As he dressed, the child put on clothes woven from the strange new discoveries of chemistry—rayon, nylon, dacron. He warmed himself before an electric heater, made red hot and comforting at the turn of a switch.

The world came into the child's home with the morning news broadcast—England, India, Egypt, Japan in ten brief minutes of time.

Yet the child did not wonder—it happened every day. It was commonplace to him. He expected it and merely hurried off to his play.

One day the child stepped back into another world, an old world but new to him. It was the world of his grandfather's childhood. Transported there by a trip to the old farm, a visit to the museum, a first-hand experience with the tools of living in that day, he was suddenly alive and full of wonder.

When the old is new and unknown to child or man, wonder frequently results. From the world of

THE Old IS New

today, where much is done for a child, to the kind of world where a person has direct contact with the sources of his food and clothing and where his own labor is clearly necessary to bring them to him—that is a long step, but important in the growing appreciation of every child. When a child has explored the old he often becomes alert for the first time to the wonders of his world today. No longer can he accept thoughtlessly the scientific and mechanical world in which he lives so comfortably. He begins to wonder at electricity, at bridges and skyscrapers and planes, and at such simple things as water from a faucet.

A CHILD'S EXPERIENCE is sometimes widened in very simple ways. A visit to Grandmother's house or to friends in the country may be one method. A three-year-old found the wood stoves at Grandmother's unbelievably interesting. The ornate ironwork, and especially the stovepipe which bent at right angles and disappeared into the ceiling, fascinated him. While to open the little door and see the red hot coals and dancing flames, or to be able to add pieces of wood to the blaze, proved an almost irresistible temptation. When his mother wrote to Daddy, her son's message was, "Tell Daddy about Grandma's stoves!" His complete awe at these strange heaters was expressed when he said to Grandmother, "Does God know about your stoves, Grandma?"

For the apartment-dwelling city child of today, what can be more wonderful than a ride in a surrey behind a horse. "I sat by the driver and helped drive! It swished its tail at me," cried a sparkling-eyed six-year-old whose legs wouldn't carry him up the stairs fast enough to tell Mother all about the crowning event of his country vacation.

What satisfaction, as well as wonder, lights the face of a child who is allowed to turn the wheel and see how a spinning wheel works, or to help make

butter in an old wooden churn, or to trim and fill a kerosene lamp.

All sorts of things from heavy flatirons to gaily jingling sleighs, from an old-fashioned well to a hand plow can become adventures to a child. Every such experience can help to deepen his appreciation of his world if parents and teachers are sensitive to opportunities.

HOW CAN WE PLAN for experiences to widen and enrich the lives of our children? First of all, we can take time to investigate and enjoy the things we see. Too often we take a superficial look and exclaim, "How interesting!" only to rush on to something else. Children should not be hurried. They must "see" with their fingers as well as their eyes.

Often they must smell and listen and taste in order to understand and appreciate. They need opportunity to experiment. Time and unhurried conversation as we explore are of the greatest importance.

We can make use of all resources available to us. Some families have relatives or friends in the country, and visits to them open up new experiences to the children. Some boys and girls have their horizons wid-

ened by going to camp, or by camping trips with their families where new experiences with the outdoors and with a more primitive way of life are a real adventure. Museums and old houses offer almost limitless opportunities to get acquainted with strange and interesting things. The world of nature and animal life is rich in unexplored possibilities.

We can cultivate in all our living an attitude of happy expectancy, of enthusiasm for doing new things, of sympathy for ways that differ from our own. If we make this our approach to life as a family, our children should grow into an ever-widening world which will keep their spirit of wonder keenly alive. And from wonder it is but a short step to lead them to God.





Happy? No wonder, for you are now looking forward to one of the most important days in your life—your wedding day. It is a day you have spent the first part of your life anticipating, and will spend the rest of your life remembering. It therefore deserves to be made one you will remember gladly.

I have known a great many brides and have observed the arrangements for a great many wedding days and the way they worked out. From all this I have developed some conclusions which I believe to be true. I am glad to pass them on to you for what they may be worth. Getting married is something one is not supposed to get a great deal of experience in, and so the experience and observation of others should be helpful. If this article sounds like advice, it is probably because that is exactly what it is. I can't see how to make it sound any other way.

I hope you will begin by planning a wedding you can afford. A great deal of money can be spent on a wedding, and a great many

girls have an idea that a big display is a nice thing to have. Well enough if you can afford it and want to spend the money that way. But you will find when it is over that it wasn't any more truly a wedding than the simplest ceremony in the land. No matter how much money you have, everything that is waste is unwise and in bad taste.

If you cannot afford it, an expensive wedding should not even be considered. I think of two brides especially who wanted big displays at their weddings. Their indulgent fathers went deeply into debt to gratify their wishes, one actually selling the roof from over his head. The other spent the next two or three years meeting suits in court for bills incidental to the showy wedding of his daughter. Both marriages were on the rocks in two or three years. They just were not founded on sufficiently solid ideas of a home. *Display fades as fast as flowers can wither, but good sense and true affection remain wedding decorations throughout life.*

I hope you took your parents into your confidence from the first, and that they approve. If they do not, I hope that you have met their objections understandingly and that you did not take the attitude that love makes anything and everything right. If their objections are valid they should have been honestly considered. If they are merely the result of parental prejudice and unwillingness to share the love of their child with someone else, I hope that you have gently and sympathetically shown them that their objections are not good, and that you have obtained the gracious cooperation you deserve to have from them. If things have been so managed, then neither you nor they will have future cause for regret over the attitudes taken now.

Eloppements are unfortunate, and they even carry certain dangers. I suppose there are cases where elopement is justified, but it is always regrettable. Don't resort

A storybook wedding is just the right thing—for story-books, pictures and dreams. But when you plan your own real wedding, you'll want it to suit the real you.



Beauty? Yes, of course, but without sham and show; and in an atmosphere of reverence may the candles glow.

Bride-Elect

to it if you can help it, and do not too easily make up your mind that you can't help it. Remember that you will be coming home afterward, and explaining may not be nearly as easy as you thought it would. You will have missed the help and confidence of your parents, and they will long feel, even though secretly, that you were not entirely fair with them.

I knew a daughter who eloped because she thought her parents did not like the young man and would object to the marriage. She was entirely mistaken. The parents did not think it best to be gushing with their approval, but they felt that she had chosen a young man of character and worth. They were not surprised, for they had expected the marriage for some time. They had been waiting to be called on to help with arrangements to celebrate it in a way all concerned would have remembered much more pleasantly. Years have now passed, and relations among

them have always been excellent; but, though it is never mentioned, that little bit of distrust has never been forgotten. So elope if you must, but be sure there is no better way.

Choose for your wedding the place that will make it mean most. One trouble with eloping is that it nearly always necessitates being married in a place that is not sacred to either bride or groom. Two young people of my acquaintance ran away to a neighboring city and were married by and

among strangers. When they returned home they were so dissatisfied with what they had done that they went to their minister and repeated their vows in circumstances that seemed more heart-some to them.

Of course the sacredness of the occasion will not depend so much on the place where you are married as upon the spirit in which you prepare for the wedding, and whether you live up to its possibilities for happiness and good. Nevertheless, the place is important. Some prefer their own homes, some the church, and others a spot in some way made dear to them. Wherever it be, have a good reason for your choice. That will make it the right place for you. But remember that the persons present will probably count more than the physical location anyway. It is people who give meaning to any occasion.

Consider seriously the sanction of religion for your marriage. If you are of a particular faith, that



will settle for you the question of the kind of ceremony you will want to use. But even if you neither belong nor adhere to any church, the question is still an important one. If you choose some church and minister agreeable to you for the ceremony, you will doubtless always be glad you did.

If you are determined to have a magistrate, or if for any reason you just must have one, use some care in the choice you make. Try at least to find one who has a sense of the solemnity and significance of the marriage ceremony. I cannot understand how people can feel married after a parrot-like ceremony by someone whose heart is not at all in it, but to whom it is a mere matter of business. The sacredness of marriage as an institution will never be enhanced by such performances.

Don't use up all your strength preparing for your wedding. At best, it takes countless steps, motions, and decisions. Every now and then a bride or her mother or both make the wedding preparations a real cross to bear. Con-

sequently, they wear themselves out and neither look nor feel their best when the great moment arrives. Remember that you will be around a long time after the wedding is over, and you will be needing all the strength and energy you may have wasted arranging for it. Your groom will have no idea what you have been through, and may wonder none too enthusiastically whether he has taken an invalid to care for. You will have plenty of uses for your strength in the subsequent weeks, so do not needlessly waste it. Remember that a wedding is not a goal, but a gateway. The golden days of journeying hand in hand lie beyond. Save yourself as much as you can for them.

Forgive me for saying a word about presents. In some instances they seem to be encouraged a great deal too boldly. Perhaps some of your friends would not like to be forbidden to give them, but certainly others will not like to be made to think of them as the price of admission. They are a losing

deal anyway, for if you allow your friends to set you up at house-keeping you will be expected to help do the same thing for *each* of them. Why not let family and friends do what they wish, but place them under no constraint?

I hope you will not have to have your wedding spoiled by unseemly demonstrations. Every few days I see these mad processions tear through the streets with flying streamers, honking horns, and crude chalkings on the car carrying the bride and groom. It seems very discreditable to me.

Friends have no right to play such tricks, and they are not showing themselves the best grade of friends when they do. Marriage is nothing to laugh and joke about, and it is nothing of which to make a show. The people who engage in these crude jokes show that they have a very poor conception of the real meaning of the event. Besides, there are much better uses for gasoline, old shoes, and rice. If ever we feel that we are treading on holy ground, the events of a wedding day should bring us to such a realization. Two people are taking a most significant step, and the thoughts of others should be filled with wishes for their happiness. I should very much like to see the *charivari* in all its forms go out of use forever.

Why not tell your friends you do not want your wedding day spoiled in such a manner? And why not set a worth-while example by refusing to participate in such demonstrations yourself when your friends are married? People have a right to have this time kept such as they can remember as something beautiful and fine.

When the honeymoon is over, what then? You will still have the world to live in, and how well you get on among people will still have a great deal to do with the continued meaning of your wedding day in your life. Be a good citizen and make good friends. In the community where you live make the place for yourself you will increasingly need. That will help to preserve for you the high values of your wedding day, so that in your heart you will never cease to think of it as your life's great hour.

Among Those Present

The bridal veil was fragile net,

The bridal gown was lace,

The bride wore slippers on her feet,

A smile upon her face.

The bride wore gloves of softest silk,

And garlands in her hair,


The bride's bouquet was white. P. S.

The groom was also there.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

By FRANCES DUNLAP HERON

THE *Family* GOES ON *Vacation*



Long afterward, there will be ever increasing reminders of . . . "the week we camped in the state park."

What can be fun . . .

before you have it?

while you have it?

after you have it?

Of course, it's a family vacation.

And here is the how and why. . .

POP IS BEGINNING to work overtime at the office to "get things ahead." Eleanor is depositing her allowance and baby-sitting fees in the bank, out of temptation's way, so she can draw them out again in August. Donald soon will be looking over our fishing tackle. Marion Sue, stuffing envelopes in a downtown office, can almost feel the waters of Lake Shishebogama cooling her tired arms. Mom, as usual, is rushing to get an article in the mail ere an editor's deadline catches her.

This year, however, the subject of her last-minute assignment is appropriate—"The Family Goes On Vacation." For that's just what this family's activity is building up to. Only Al, loading freight to help pay his college expenses next fall, cannot take off with us for the entire three weeks in northern Wisconsin. But he is buoyed up by the prospect that he and a friend will join us for the latter half of the period.

All of which calls for this warning to teen-agers and their parents: Don't put off vacations, saying,

"We'll do that next year," or "We ought to stay home and catch up on work." The time comes soon, so soon, when older boys and girls are not able to join in family excursions. Summer jobs, military service, and plans with their own friends will break into the family circle. *Have fun together while you can!*

And fun is important in family life. Long after memories of arithmetic and dishwashing and housecleaning are pushed clear to the back of the subconscious, there will be ever recurring reminders of "the time we climbed Eagle Cliff," "the day we went to Jones Beach," "the week we camped in the state

park," "the sunset we saw over a Kansas wheatfield." Such shared experiences live on in the minds and hearts of the different members of the family, uniting them across the years and the miles. The memories will be sprinkled with laughter. In our family none of us will ever forget how Pop exposed the fake cliff dwellers out West and got back our admittance fees on the basis that we were not "entirely satisfied with this remarkable preserve."

NOT ONLY DOES vacation fun live on after the holidays are over. It can start long before the vacation begins! It starts with the talking and planning, and with looking over enticing literature describing the attractions of resort areas. How much excitement families miss who do exactly the same thing every summer! The world—our nation—our state—our own community—all are so full of a variety of pleasures that we should try to taste a lot of them. During cold winter days or spring drizzles or midst grinding duties it's pleasant to reflect that come next July 19 the whole family will be relax-

ing together in one of those advertising-folder sites.

Such long-time anticipation means that a date must be picked to suit as nearly as possible each member of the family. Quite likely Father will have to fit his vacation into a whole office schedule. From there on, it's up to the family. At this point the democratic process gets a workout. How to satisfy a fisherman, an opera devotee, a mountain climber, a baseball enthusiast, and a golfer? In our touring, the give-and-take problem is strongest between a teen-age driver who likes to cover as many miles as possible, and a father who likes to stop to look at rocks and monuments.

The solution, of course, is to select a destination that provides something agreeable to each person. Or this summer let it be the choice of the outdoor enthusiasts, with the understanding that next year the city-sights faction wins. If vacation expeditions are to be taken entirely from the home base, the division of interests can be met all in the same season with picnics, visits to parks, museums, landmarks, the theater, and so on.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK at the possibilities. Aside from likes and dislikes, other factors entering into a family's choice include length of vacation period, size of bank account, method of transportation.

Naturally a four-week vacation, a flush pocketbook and a new automobile would encourage an extensive tour covering a particular section of the country. Indeed, such a trip is worth saving for, all during the preceding year. Our everyday budget underwent much tightening the winter we were making plans for "going out west." Instead of trying to cover the whole West from Illinois to the Coast, we tempered Al's zeal for driving by taking two one-week stops, one at Yellowstone Park and one at Rocky Mountain National Park. We can't recommend a leisurely pace too highly. If a trip is to improve one mentally and spiritually as well as physically, it must not be done at seventy-five miles an hour twelve hours a day.

While three or four weeks greatly facilitate the touring vacation, it's amazing how much you can do in two weeks or even one if you plan carefully. The secret is in simply fitting your itinerary into the days available. Last year we left home early one Friday morning and turned into our driveway the next Friday afternoon. As we got out of the car Al said, "We saw so much it seems we were gone almost as long as our four weeks out West."

The credit goes to Pop's scientific marking of routes, aided by motor club experts and gasoline company maps. From our home in Illinois, we went directly to Louisville, where we stopped at the city hall to check old family records. Then on to the Old Kentucky Home, to Abraham Lincoln's birthplace, to Andrew Jackson's Hermitage, and to Mammoth Cave for a memorable week end of underground exploring. We drove south far enough to touch on Alabama and Georgia (to add two new states to our list). At Maryville, Tennessee, we spent two days seeing the Smokies. Leaving Marion Sue there for college, the rest of us took a slightly zigzag route home to include the Morris Dam



"You're going to be Mommy's little helper, now aren't you?"

and Cumberland Gap, where for a moment we could almost see our pioneer ancestors pushing by, on their way from Virginia to the Middle West. By coming through Cleveland, we were able to spend a delightful evening visiting distant cousins. "At last some relatives with a teen-ager!" our offspring exclaimed. (Moral: prolonged relative-visiting is not too successful a vacation project after children reach their teens.)

All this—and we hadn't felt rushed. We had chosen things that could be seen and appreciated in short periods.

BEFORE YOU DISCARD a touring vacation as out of your financial reach, make inquiries and do a little research to obtain the facts. It may be cheaper than you think. Investigate the rates at the hotels and motels on the route you plan to take. You can get by with picnic-type meals along the roadside. You don't need any fancy new clothes. On a country highway your car will make more miles per gallon of gas than in the stop and go of city traffic. The most beautiful scenery is free. Our national parks offer much for small expenditure.

One final recommendation for this type of vacation: It's ideal for teen-agers. They're old enough to appreciate what they're seeing and to stand the rigors of travel.

If what the family wishes is complete recreation away from telephones and committee meetings, the answer is a cottage on the lakeside or in the woods. Unfortunately, public demand for modernization is forcing rents up, but even so, you may find that you can afford to spend a couple of weeks lounging, reading, swimming, hiking, horseback riding, fishing and boating without too large an outlay. For several days' splurge you can get rooms and board in a lodge in one of the state parks or at a private resort. If you prefer to rough it, you can find a campground in the park where you can set up your tent and enjoy the near-by recreational facilities, all at small expense. Do investigate your state parks if you're looking for an inexpensive vacation



"Sometimes I think we need an extension phone."

If you live in the country or in a small town, consider visiting some city that interests you. You can stay in a motel on the edge of the city, or if you can afford the luxury of a downtown hotel for a few days, the change will do you good. See that new play you've heard about, take a conducted sight-seeing bus trip, window-shop, attend a concert out under the stars, worship in a time-hallowed cathedral, dine at a foreign-food restaurant, watch your favorite ball team play.

MAYBE, HOWEVER, none of these going-away vacations is for you. You have to stay at home. That doesn't mean that your family can't have fun. Did you ever stop to think that tourists will be coming hundreds of miles to see the very scenery or other attractions that are yours for a little time and effort? If you're within access of a city, almost certainly there are innumerable points of interest you haven't visited: wholesale produce markets; a newspaper plant; foreign sections, museums, zoos, and amusement parks; factories, historical landmarks with inscriptions and traditions.

There's history around you, too, in village or town. Maybe it's Indian mounds or a mineral spring or a cave or a clay pit or a farm implement factory.

Wherever you live, you can picnic. Neighbors of ours delight in discovering an off-the-beaten-path spot to keep as their own private

refuge. It's amazing how many families stick to the cold-sandwich-salad-and-drink type of picnic. For a small outlay, you can buy a stand-up grill and forks for cooking hot dogs, hamburgers and steaks (?). We have a kettle that we take along to set on the grill for warming up baked beans and for boiling corn on the cob. Of course, for this kind of picnic you need a good fireman, and you must be sure of a wood supply. Or investigate the cost of a portable charcoal grill. And find out about the use of aluminum foil for outdoor cooking. Adventures in good eating lie ahead!

Fishing and swimming expeditions may also be possible, and usually they can be combined with a picnic. Those who wish just to lie and absorb a sun tan or to read will not be bored either. In your at-home vacation, give Mother a real rest by occasionally "eating out" at a restaurant in the evening.

Do not let the lack of a car keep your family at home. Trains and busses can take you to city, lake and mountain. Our family went to the North Woods without a car, finding a resort where the owner would take us to town for groceries. One summer we covered Chicago's Riverview amusement park, the sand dunes in Indiana, and a swimming lake and picnic ground, all by public transportation—not only we, but my mother, then seventy-eight.

What you do or where you go is not significant. *How* is. Only in an attitude of "let's enjoy ourselves" is any vacation successful. Families with teen-agers need a special warning—parents should not expect these boys and girls to spend all the vacation period with them. It's only natural that young people long for companionship of those their own age.

A warning applies also to the teen-agers. You'll find your parents aren't so musty as you thought, once you get them away from the office and the kitchen. Your presence with them on vacation trips gives them a warm feeling around the heart. And you? You'll sense anew the security of family comradeship and love.

Semi-Adult

A STORY

BY HELEN J. REICHENBACH

NOW WHAT'S the matter with her?" Sam Holt asked his wife as their thirteen-year-old daughter Sally flounced from the living room in tears. "What did I do, for Pete's sake? All I said was that our furniture was good enough for anybody, especially her friends. Was that anything to get mad at?" he beseeched her.

When Betty only raised appeasing brown eyes from the bright silks on her lap that she was fashioning into a "crazy" quilt, he was more annoyed than ever. "Now don't *you* go giving me any more of the adolescent talk," he warned her. But a smile tugged at his lips. "I'm about all fed up with that." He thrust a big handful of papers into his brief case impatiently. "Adolescence!" he snorted. "A lot of hooey! Why, in our day nobody ever heard of it; anyway, didn't pay any attention to it. I can just see my dad's face if he'd been reminded that he must handle us with care because we happened to be a certain age.



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

"But, Mother, Mr. Winfield promised!" Sally cried indignantly. "And please don't call up around ten o'clock to see if I'll soon be home or something . . ."

Rubbish, he'd have said—and right! And I'd never tried throwing any tantrums, either—"

"Oh, yes you would," Betty corrected him blithely as she bit off a thread. "Don't forget that I was raised on the farm next door. I remember a few things, like the time you kicked an old pail all over the yard because you were mad at your father for not letting you have the car to take me to the county fair—remember that? You were about fourteen then, that's adolescence—only your father had a different name for it," she twinkled, reaching quickly to retrieve the silken avalanche that was sliding from her knees.

Sam laughed right out. "What did Dad call it?" he asked, chuckling.

"He called it not being dry behind the ears yet," she told him, eyes dancing. And how they laughed! But all too soon anxiety crept back to Sam. He stood buttoning his vest worriedly. "Well, I only hope Sally snaps out of it pretty soon," he sighed, "she's pretty spoiled—"

"Oh, no," murmured Betty. "She'll be all right, dear—really."

"Well, I *hope* so," he sighed again. "It's sure no life this way with her finding fault with everything all the time—the house . . . the car . . . even . . ." he glanced about the pleasant room, "even our furniture, and who knows, maybe us, too," he added, jerking his tie in place before the mirror.

HE WAS RIGHT, for upstairs Sally was seething on her bed. Just listen to them laughing down there and her up here heartbroken! It showed how little she meant to them, how they were banded together against her. *But never mind*, she thought grimly, *they'd be sorry someday for treating her like a child*. Of course, she realized she wasn't an adult, but couldn't they at least admit that she was a *semi-adult*? Was she expecting too much?

Lying there on her pillows, Sally looked like an adult all right. Only her cublike plumpness, her stormy blue eyes, and her pout, gave lingering childhood away—and Sally was pouting.

What, she asked herself in silent bitterness, was wrong with her having something to say around this place that was *supposed* to be her home, too? Say, like taking off the big old porch that dated the house so badly, but above all getting some of that new streamlined furniture for the living room. Oh, that last was simply a must! How she *loathed* the plump slip-covered sofa and Dad's big old leather chair—oh, shudder! But how obstinate could parents get? Mother wasn't so bad. In that soft little way of hers she had even convinced Sally that doing away with the porch would be a mistake, but she was on Dad's side about the furniture.

"No, dear," she said firmly. "These things are all good and they're in good taste. That's what makes a home, taking care of the things you love—things with memories—"

"Oh, Mother—*memories!*" Sally had scoffed. But it hadn't helped, and so the room had become a sort of thirty-eighth parallel over which there was a squabble every now and then. Oh, groan!

And Dad, well, he and Sally had been rather out of step since the Winfields had moved to town a year or so ago. When Sally became bosom friends with the Winfield daughter, Pamela, she had discovered *the difference there could be between fathers*. . . . Oh, why couldn't Dad be just a little like Mr. Winfield! Every day Sally asked herself that. Not that she didn't love Dad, but . . .

Well, Mr. Winfield was so utterly fascinating and sophisticated, not one bit old-fashioned like Dad with his two-story house and his big old car that he drove so staidly. No, the Winfields had one of those new darling *porchless* bungalows, and Mr. Winfield drove an *adorable* blue convertible. He dressed like a movie star. Pamela dressed beautifully, too. Every day somebody cried over Pamela's clothes in school, but not Sally, for Pamela was her friend. But when Pamela got a *real* formal not long ago, oh,

then Sally had cried and cried—secretly, of course, but Dad and Mother had known. Dad had "blown up" and muttered something about Lee Winfield had better start paying some of his overdue bills. Mother had said gently, "Hush, dear"; and then he had kept still, but he had glowered.

The force of her thinking drove Sally off the bed, anyway. She had just remembered that Mother had an errand for her to do downtown. All at once her blue spell was over—she began to plan busily. She'd wear her dark blue dress, she looked thinner in it, and she'd call up Pamela and ask her to meet her at their favorite drugstore. Oh, fun!

OUTSIDE a nice surprise awaited her—Mr. Winfield in his blue convertible overtook her just a block from home. "Hi, Gorgeous!" he hailed her in his breezy way. "Going downtown? Hop in."

Almost breathless with delight Sally got in and the car shot forward. While he chatted freely—Mr. Winfield always talked to you as though you were both the same age—she sat silently drinking in his wonders—his ease with the wheel, his dashing good looks. The keen sport shirt he had on displayed all Hawaii—pineapples, ukuleles, volcanoes—everything. Just picturing Dad wearing it had her snickering.

"Well, how you been?" asked her idol. "You look swell, a lot better than that lil ole bag o' bones of ours," he added, chuckling.

Lil ole bag o' bones. Her loyalty stung, Sally froze. Poor Pamela loathed her thinness just as she herself loathed her chubbiness. How unkind—but Mr. Winfield didn't mean it, she told herself sturdily. Just the same she was just a little glad when they arrived downtown. She stood on the curb looking thoughtfully after him soaring away.

Lil ole bag o' bones. Would Dad say a thing like that? Just then Sally wasn't sure. No, not just then. . . .



OH, MOTHER, isn't it just too wonderful—I can hardly wait!" Sally was dancing about her bedroom like a happy sunbeam, getting ready for Pamela's birthday party that evening. "Oh, I *hope* it won't rain during the party!"

"Now just stand still till I get this hooked," laughed her mother. "I can't possibly do it with you wriggling so."

"Pam and I've got *every* minute of the party planned," Sally babbled on, bracelets jingling. "While it's still daylight we're going to play 'Three Steps Over Germany,' and things like that, outdoors. Afterward we'll play games in the house. Pam's wearing her formal. It's *lace*, Mother. You should see it—simply divine. . . ."

Mother looked surprised. "But won't that seem a little odd with all you girls wearing just your ordinary dresses?" she asked.

"But Pam *wants* to," insisted Sally loyally. "There's going to be

a wonderful cake, too, Mother," she jabbered on, "expensive and everything, and after the party Mr. Winfield is going to bring us home in the convertible, I mean, those of us who live on *this* side of town."

"Oh, that's what I wanted to know more about," her mother broke in. "You're sure of that, are you, Sally?"

"But, Mother, Mr. Winfield *promised!*" Sally cried angrily. All at once she was cross. "And *please*, Mother, don't call up around nine or ten o'clock to see if I'll soon be home, or something."

"Have I done that lately?" was Mother's calm inquiry.

Sally wheeled about, her foolish young heart in the dust. "Oh, Mother, I'm sorry," she said humbly. "I shouldn't have said that. You've been so marvelous since we've had that agreement about *trusting* me instead of *timing* me, the way you used to. Oh, Mother! . . ." Sally floundered a minute,

then came her little heart-moving question like a small cry for help, "Oh, Mother, what makes me such a meanie sometimes?"

To hide her own sudden emotion, Mother stooped to pick up a ring of underthings where Sally had left them on the floor. When she looked up, her brown eyes were very soft.

"You'll be all right, dear," she said soothingly. "You remember, I explained it all to you about being adolescent, how some things seem overly important to you and others not important enough, right now, and that this will go away in time. You see, dear, at your age—adolescence—life is suddenly there before you, all in a rush, and you hardly know where to begin. It's like suddenly finding yourself at the door of a big new wonderful store. You know you're going to go inside and buy, and see, and do all the wonderful things, and you feel you must rush right in and do it all at once. Do you understand what I mean, honey?"

"Oh, Mother, you're wonderful! That's *exactly* the way I feel . . ."

"Just relax a little more," Mother smiled, "and, above all, *keep the meanie well in hand*," she added, twinkling. "And now go and have a good time."

SEVERAL OF THE guests were already at Pamela's when Sally arrived, and soon they were all together gathered about Pamela on a big hassock in the middle of the living room opening her presents. Tiny as she was, and very much overdressed, she looked like a small child having a good time. Sweet little Mrs. Winfield, who always looked terribly worried to Sally, was there admiring the gifts, taking away the ribbons and bright wrappings they came in. There were many "Ohs," and "Ahs," and lots of teasing from the boys, but pretty soon this part of the party was over and they rose to go outside. But this second stage of the party never came about, for just then Mr. Winfield came in, breezy and affable, as was his way.

"Well—well—well!" he cried. "What have we here—a birthday party, eh?" He dropped onto half

(Continued on page 41.)

The Book of God

Within the covers of this Book
What treasures are enshrined!
The harvest of the centuries
Bequeathed to heart and mind.

The wisdom of the men of God
Is here, for our employ;
And from these leaves the Master speaks
To bring us hope and joy.

No other book can guide our steps
And light our shadowed way
As this dear volume, lent of God
To turn our night to day.

When other counsels lose their power
And leave our hearts in fear,
We turn to this time-proven Book
And to our God draw near.

Although the fortunes of the years
May bring us wealth untold,
We still shall seek, within this Book,
The Spirit's finer gold.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

BY DOROTHY B. MEISTER

To give your children a feeling of security in these times of insecurity, you'll need common sense, originality, religious faith, plus a few sound rules to follow. Here is good advice interestingly told.

DOES YOUR CHILD

FEEL SECURE?

DO YOU TRY to praise your child a little more and blame him a little less each day? Does six-year-old Jane tell about her first day of school, uninterrupted, while the new baby takes second place?

When Bud, your gangling teen-ager, borrows the car for his first big date, do you send him off with a confident pat and an exhilarating sense of responsibility? Or does a crushing weight of *don't's* mar the occasion?

Seemingly small details like these raise big issues. Parents may well ask themselves: Does my child feel secure? More important, perhaps, do I feel secure

as a parent? The answers are closely linked. For learning to understand children and youth is the initial step in providing them with the kind of security they need. Learning to understand ourselves is the test of our success in our unique role as responsible parents.

Social security, as we know it today, is allotted to a person when he reaches sixty-five years of age. This is insurance against actual physical need. More fundamental, even, to human personality is the need for security of a different kind. This security is based on human values of tremendous scope.



Eighteen-year-old Beth prepares the special Friday night menu she and the other children have planned during the week.

These values are the positive attitudes of unselfish love, built into the warp and woof of family living. Trust and genuine respect for each other's personality are vital factors in this security, too. Filtered like sunlight into every experience of human living, both happy and tragic, the atmosphere of love is an intangible but essential element.

In the family group, security such as this may be guaranteed by multiple methods, depending on the parents' emotional spiritual maturity. One method is sharing. Shared interest and shared activities, shared pleasures and shared grief build bulwarks of security into young lives, helping them to mature "upward and outward."

The Grahams are a well-adjusted couple of moderate means who have used this method of building a wholesome family pattern. The word they use to define security is *belongingness*. If a child feels unloved, or experiences a feeling of "not belonging," Mrs. Graham believes, he becomes insecure. This insecurity is expressed by some behavior trait, such as overaggressiveness, anxiety or withdrawal from family activity.

Martha and John Graham laughingly call themselves "the world's most made-over parents." Both earnestly feel that a problem in handling children is a growing point—for themselves as well as the child. "We've had to make ourselves over many times," Martha states with a smile, "but the results are rewarding."

Watching them at work and at play in the family group, the observer is quick to sense that they enjoy being friends to their three children.

Family powwows, or councils, in the Graham household are frequent occurrences, often climaxed by new experiments in family living. Authoritarianism is conspicuously absent in the Graham system. The children are included in

all family planning and thinking. "We get as much from them," John explains, "as they get from us. A solution that fits our situation may seem unorthodox to outsiders. But it is always accomplished with the welfare of the whole family in mind. That makes it right for us!"

Martha likes to cite a crisis that arose a few years ago when Beth, now eighteen, wanted to reform nine-year-old David's manners and general disposition to be a nuisance. A powwow was held for Beth to air her grievances. Here she asked permission to serve the dinner by candlelight one night a week, using the household's best silver and linens.

David promised to do his utmost to live up to the occasion, and Martha reluctantly gave her consent. She and John decided to retire to the sun-porch where they ate from a card table while the small fry entertained two neighborhood guests.

"If this is discipline," John confided privately to his wife, "I'll eat my hat!" And he almost had to, his wife adds, at least the first few Fridays.

Thus started a Friday night now tradition in the Graham house. Martha and John still enjoy the intimacy of dining alone. Beth's cooking improved with practice, and even now the children talk over and plan a special menu during the week. Beth often brings a "date" home for Friday night dinner, and afterwards all "pitch in" and clean up the kitchen.

The remainder of the evening is often spent playing popular family games and eating popcorn hot from the popper. David sometimes brings out the movie projector and shows a film, a privilege he coveted enough to correct lapses in good behavior. The radio and phonograph provide good musical enjoyment.

Martha and John both feel that parenthood is a creative role and a unique task. They recognize

their need to mature as parents. Growing up in the same town, they married at the end of their college courses, planning to raise a family. Although John had grown up in a different church environment, both decided to become members of the church in which they were married and to raise their children within that church. A budding career as a lawyer left John little leisure. What he had, he devoted to Martha and the baby that arrived before they were financially on their feet.

During the early years of their marriage Martha began the habit of making much of little events. Birthdays, holidays, even the first day of school became occasions for family fun together. Martha started a custom of tucking handmade cards and a simple gift beside the breakfast plate on various occasions. At dinner, as the children grew older, at the evening devotional Martha and John often expressed their thanks for their "birthday child."

"We honestly enjoy using our own originality," Martha often says to friends. Beth is deft with the needle and is planning a home economics career. Martha early bought her a sewing machine and encouraged her to experiment, without interference, in redecorating her room. David's ability in science and his skill with machinery are something both parents mention with pride, forgetting the times he wore their patience thin tinkering with radios and clocks. Jean, who is now six, is creative with a paintbrush.

Both John and Martha have been maturing in their role as parents.

The help of an understanding pastor and his own basic religious faith gave John confidence and strength when an illness after childbirth almost cost Martha her life. Playing a double role of mother and father during that trying period, he re-evaluated the family as a spiritual unit.

Active in church and school organizations, Martha has never allowed her task as a mother to get out of focus. A mother who persists in running the vacuum or attending a meeting when her feverish child begs her to stay at his



bedside is, in her estimation, planting seeds of insecurity in herself as well as in the child. *Absenteeism that grows chronic makes bad parents.*

Martha stresses certain basic rules to be observed in family living that seem important to every member's adjustment. She insists that *a little child needs "enough love to spill over."* She believes children should not be taught to confuse love with over-indulgence and price-tag philosophy. They should be taught that love multiplies itself until there is enough for everyone in a family, that it does not have to be divided.

Quality counts for more than quantity in family living, the Grahams state. Giving one's attention completely to a child's interest, daily showing him you care in little, intimate ways—these will help him feel loved and to grow in wider relationships outside his home.

Brief, spontaneous devotional moments with the family, family Bible discussions, various forms of handiwork, and specific jobs for members of the family around the yard, trips and picnics are a few ways the Grahams use to cement the values of daily living.

Unlike the Grahams, many parents not as well adjusted emotionally, blow hot, then cold, on a child's attempts to satisfy his need for achievement. A little girl whose efforts are not ridiculed when she tries to make birthday cookies for her mother, will glow with achievement, winning a sense of security valuable to her in later life.

Martha and John are leaders of their church groups. They believe that ideals are best expressed to their children by the way their parents live and by what they do of importance in their community as well as in their home. To them, *the spiritual climate of the home is all-important.* They recognize that *parents need, first of all, to love each other and to regard their marriage as a shared experience in Christian living.* They need to possess a religious faith, based on deep personal conviction and commitment.

An occasional family "spat," climaxed by an expression of forgiveness and an embrace, is not likely to shake a child's sense of security, in their belief. For the ability to forgive and forget is a sign of maturity. But a child who witnesses bitterness and hatred in parents outwardly professing to be Christians, is likely to feel insecure spiritually for the rest of his life. *Religion must be lived as an ingredient of everyday existence to have real meaning to children and adolescents.*

Both Martha and John use the guideposts provided by religion and psychology to aid them as parents. *Recognizing that each child has his own God-given rate of growth, they try to provide a rich, warm, and steady climate for personality development.*

They know that the highest peaks of religious inspiration in adolescence are reached by this

nurture, starting in early childhood. Winning the confidence of a boy or girl begins in cradle days, goes on through the first unsteady steps that the child makes toward his parents' outstretched loving hands. He must perform the initial acts of walking and talking by himself. But the parents are ready to encourage him with a kind word or to help him when he falls.

When making decisions and choices, the child and youth in turn must act for himself. The parent who is providing the best possible security for his child is the one who is at hand with approval and understanding, praise and forgiveness, love and trust when it is most needed.

In the patient minting of such security for your child, there is poignant meaning in the Bible verse, *"Surely, goodness and loving-kindness shall follow me all the days of my life."*

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



At Her Writing Tablet

Dear Heavenly Father:

So many letters I owe to friends and family. Forgive me this neglect of human contacts even as much as my forgetfulness to send the notes of prayer up to Thee each day. Help me organize my life so that the little courtesies of fellowship may not be lost in the everyday commotion of living. Teach me what to write to the bereaved mother so that she may know I am thinking of her these difficult days of adjustment. Give me a joyful phrase for the new bride so her happiness may radiate into our own home. Guide my fingers as I send a first sentence to the new baby that across different generations we may become friends. Grant the tactful word of apology to the sensitive. And give me new insight into my own heart through reading again those eternal letters in Thy own great Book.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

His mother's advice, "Henry, live for something," sparked the life of Henry F. Henrichs. More than that, it inspired his family and fellow workers. And through his publications it has spread like a prairie fire from "The House of Sunshine" he established in the Prairie State.

The STORY of the HENRICH



Henry F. Henrichs and his wife, the former Ethel Winifred Masters, standing before the fireplace in their home in Litchfield, Illinois. The occasion? Their golden wedding anniversary!

By NORMA C. BROWN

IT WAS a cozy circle in the Cranes' living room in Mt. Sterling, Illinois. Here were the Henry F. Henrichses, their daughter Monta Crane, her husband Dick (R. T.), their Tom and Judy, and Judy's yellow Persian cat, Fluff. Winifred Henrichs' voice rang with gladness: "I defy any couple to have a happier fifty years together." Actually, it had been more than fifty-one. Henry watched his wife with unconcealed pride and a lingering trace of his native shyness, despite his fame as founder, editor, and publisher of *Sunshine Magazine*.

It was characteristic of Winifred Henrichs to speak first. Though more aggressive than her husband, she never steals the show.

After a few sentences, by subtle word or look, she invites him to take over. They complement each other in conversation as in life. Radiant is the word for her. When she comes beaming into our house, my 102-year-old grandmother always says: "Did you *ever* see such a happy woman? Why she has more sunshine than anyone I ever knew." Hers is the sparkle of dancing rapids and, on occasion, the generating power of a waterfall.



Henry's is the calm of deep water, as placid at its surface as it is undisturbed at its depths. His speech, ready but never hurried, considered and well measured, and his low, warm voice are marks of a man richly compounded of ideals, of patience, and of courage—the kind of courage that is needed in the invisible battleground of the spirit.

More than fifty happy years together! But the prelude was not all so blissful. When Winifred and Henry met in the little school at Dorchester, Illinois, for him it was love at first sight. But he hugged his secret close to his heart, while to Winifred's ten-year-old eyes he seemed a funny little German boy whose family she didn't know, though she had heard they were only six years from the Old Country—and Lutherans.



When she was courted by "quite the catch of Dorchester," whose proposal of marriage she readily accepted, Henry looked on in deep but silent suffering. Just when he quit eating his heart out and moved in to declare himself I have never known. But he did, thereby demonstrating a theory by which he still lives: What one really desires, one will find a way to get. But this first triumph came hard. To crash in upon Winifred's awareness and to make her choice of him as certain as his of her, high hurdles remained.

Mr. and Mrs. Henrichs (seated at left) are visiting their son Garth at his home in Litchfield. Standing in the rear are Larry, Mr. and Mrs. Garth Henrichs; on the steps are Miss Maud Henrichs (a niece) and Carolann.



FAMILY



Mr. and Mrs. Henrichs (at left) are visiting their daughter Monta and her husband, R. T. Crane, at their home in Mt. Sterling, Illinois. Others grouped around the organ are Judy (holding Fluff) and Tom Crane.

Her parents were Disciples of Christ to the core. Her father, J. E. Masters, was a preacher of the early school that rejected the adjective "Reverend" in favor of the title "Elder." He had rigid ideas of parental authority. His decision not to give young Henry Henrichs his talented, school-teacher daughter, who could play the pump organ, presented no small obstacle. No fault could he find with Henry's character or conduct. Henry had brains, too. Had he not published the *Golden Dawn*—a youth journal priced at twenty cents a year, "cash with order"? And he was a purposeful lad, dowered with incentive by his mother's admonition: "Henry, live for something." But he was



a Lutheran! Meanwhile Mother Henrichs was deeply disturbed. What was all this talk of Apostolic practice? Why, if her Henry were "immersed" and left her church, he would imperil his very salvation!

Now, about all this, Henry had an open, hungry mind, which Winifred was eager to feed, and he liked the diet. The simple, democratic, freer faith of the Disciples was congenial to his spirit. But break his mother's heart, he could not; nor could he break both Winifred's and his own.

At length, patience and tact won out, and when the couple left for Champaign, to be married by Dr. Frank Ross, everybody was happy. It was on Easter Sunday, 1900, in the Ross home that they made their vows "to love and to cherish, till death do us part," and on the following morning Brother Ross baptized Henry.

So began more than fifty years of happiness. But let it be known that for them happiness has never

been equated with "comfort and convenience." Their early years together saw "toil and struggle." But always there were time and energy for the church. Finding no congregation of Disciples in Bunker Hill, Illinois—their first home, where Henry ran the semi-weekly *News*—they organized one.



If their stay in Bunker Hill was short, their stay in the next three places was even shorter. In Shelbyville, Indiana, an ill-starred newspaper venture was terminated in less than a year. Next, in Indianapolis, they pursued Henry's dream of a newspaper brokerage and started a small manufacturing business of much promise but little immediate profit. Then, back to Illinois, to the town of Girard, to



The House of Sunshine, in Litchfield, Illinois, is the home of the "Sunshine Magazine" and the Henry F. Henrichs Publications, which Mr. Henrichs established. Described in its masthead as "a magazet with a universal language and a 'Who's Who' circulation," "Sunshine Magazine" is not copyrighted, for, says the masthead, "if there is good here, we want to share it." The little drawings printed here are characteristic illustrations in the magazine and are used by permission.

which Henry was lured by an offer of eighteen dependable dollars a week as manager of the *Anchor*. Finally, to Litchfield. There, on the first Sunday of their residence, they presented themselves with church letters for membership.

"You just about wore those letters out, didn't you?" chimed in Monta, while I lapsed from my role of interviewer to my more familiar one of pastor, silently to pray: "Would that more church letters were so worn to tatters!"

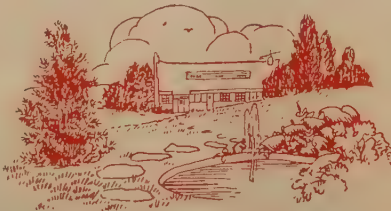
When approached about coming to Litchfield to manage the *Daily Herald*, Henry had been quite independent. He set his price high and was startled to get it. It was twenty-five dollars a week. So, six years after their marriage with this affluent income and a two-story house at a rental of eight dollars per month, the young Henriches settled in the community where in forty-five years they, no less than their unique and prosperous business, have become an institution.



Henry was soon an elder and Winifred a leader in the church, and from these beginnings they have gone on to versatile service and wide recognition. Already she had a zeal for missions and for the work of the Woman's Chris-

tian Temperance Union, in which she now carries state responsibilities.

Baby Garth had come to them in

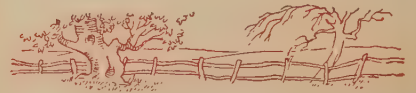


Bunker Hill. In Litchfield were born Carol Isabel, their "little tot" who "wears the crown without the conflict," and, two years later, their beloved Monta.

Mr. and Mrs. Henrichs in front of their home in Litchfield, Illinois, "a pleasant community of 8,000 persons."



Through all the years Henry yearned for a single medium with which to satisfy his love of printer's ink, his desire for a mission higher than money-making, and his persistent, creative urge (while incidentally making a living). At length, and by instalments, that yearning found fulfillment first in the *Sunshine Magazine*, then in equally artistic and more lucrative



good-will advertising publications called "cheeriodicals" and "magazets," and finally in deluxe booklets and full-length books. In such an enterprise Henry could be printer, editor, artist, idealist, all in one, and Winifred could collaborate fully.

To house his thriving business, in 1940 Henry F. Henrichs built the House of Sunshine, a spot reaching out "in sheer beauty to the people to fill their souls and minds with the quiet, the repose, the life-giving influence of grace and good will." Of Norman design, in early American trend, it has a quaint elegance enhanced by wood-carvings, murals, red-gum walls, mirror-reflected fernery, a garden with pools and waterfalls and fountain, and a wide variety of trees and shrubs. All a symbol of good will!

(Continued on page 42.)

Land of rubies, sapphires, teakwood and jade, of Rangoon, the Irrawaddy and the Chindwin, and land of the Burma Road—that is Burma. Hearthstone's missionary-reporter sends us real pictures and a picture in words, of this former British possession.

By EVA C. KEYSER

family life in Burma



Burma Bride! In June or any other month she is fresh and lovely, and the groom is handsome. Theirs is a Christian wedding. No wonder there is joy as they set out to establish a Christian home in this tropical land.

BURMA is a small, colorful country, filled with over sixteen million people of various races, with different customs and traditions. However, with all, the bonds of family life are very strong. The Burmans are the dominant race and make up over half of the population. They are Buddhist in religion, and their writings give definite teachings on family life. It is this group of Burmans, unless otherwise stated, that we shall try to describe.

As we travel the length and breadth of Burma and live among its peoples, we are impressed with the happiness of the children; the joviality of the adults who, with a keen sense of humor, are always ready to laugh at a joke; and, above all, the freedom of the women, so unusual in most countries of the Orient.

One of the first things we find that seems strange to us is the absence of a family name. A girl who marries keeps her maiden name, and the children have no surname. Sometimes one does not know that certain people are brothers and sisters until the relationship is accidentally discovered. However, among the Christian families there is a growing tendency to carry through a part of the father's or the mother's name in the naming of the children. But, since the naming of a child in Burma is based upon the letters of the alphabet, significant to the day of the week on which he is born, this is a radical departure indeed. The day of the week as a birthday has a great deal more significance than the day of the year to the average person in Burma.

THE BURMESE family loves children, and the house is usually full of them. It is the duty of the older children to look after the younger ones, and many little girls six years old and even younger play their games, with a little brother or sister sitting astride one hip. Burmese girls learn responsibility early. They help keep house, tend the baby, and even learn to bargain as they keep shop in the bazaar or market place. Burmese boys are often spoiled, being indulged by all members of the family. But they, too, learn to bear responsibility as they sit astride the water buffalo and guide them to the paddy fields or in other ways help with the work.

Another custom in the Burmese home which differs from our own is that the men and boys are always served first at mealtime, and only after they have finished, do the women and girls eat. Mealtime seems to be an individual affair, and the family does not gather around a table together. In the teachings of Buddhism, women hold an inferior position. Actually, this is noticed only in certain practices, such as a woman not eating with the men of the family, or, often, a man refusing to stay downstairs in a house in which a woman is upstairs, or a woman having to walk behind her husband rather than at his side as they travel about.

Mi Mi Khaing, in her delightful little book *Burmese Family*, gives

a vivid and pleasant picture of life in one Burmese family. She shows the loving relationship that exists between members of the family. The children, along with their developing sense of responsibility, go to school and play games. A Burmese child has only a few toys as we know them. Their favorite games are played with stones and seeds, of which there is a great variety and abundance in the jungle. They also love to jump rope and play marbles, as do children of the West. Kite-flying is something that father and son do together and at certain seasons of the year the air is full of very beautiful and unusual kites. During the Feast of Lights, in October, many interesting animals made of papier-mâché are pulled through the streets by the children while their elders make fire balloons to fly in the sky. In the past it was the boy who was taught to read and write and memorize the sacred writings, but today education is offered to all. Christianity has had a great influence on the family life of Burma by opening schools, especially those for girls, in which they are taught the same subjects as the boys.

The Burmese people are very much interested in dramatization. Many episodes from the life of Buddha are dramatized, and no festival or special occasion is complete until a *Pwe* is given. A *Pwe* consists of plays and music played on Burmese instruments. As a *Pwe* is presented out of doors and

free to all, the whole family attends together, even to the littlest ones. Usually the family stays all night. They sit on mats, watch the performance, visit and eat. The children fall asleep, and early dawn sees tired families trudging homeward. When the family becomes Christian it no longer attends the *Pwes* as a rule, but the love of drama and the fellowship of the *Pwe* is transferred to religious dramatization and their Christmas season is filled with song and story.

KEEPING HOUSE in Burma seems a simple affair for they have so few material things to look after. A village home usually has walls made of woven bamboo mats. It is roofed over with palm-leaf thatch, and has posts and floors of teak or pyinkado wood in the better homes and bamboo for the poorer ones. The home is usually the result of the labors of the whole family, for the walls may be woven by the women and the thatch for the roof may be prepared by them. There are no glass window panes to be cleaned and no walls to be washed and painted. The outside of the house is covered with earth oil each year to keep termites from literally devouring the house.

The floors are kept polished and clean, for the family lives on the floor. No person ever wears shoes in the house; he leaves them at the door when he enters. The bedding, which is rolled up each morning in a reed mat, is spread on the floor at night, with the ever present mosquito net hung above for protection against malaria- and dengue-bearing mosquitoes.

Kitchen and dining facilities are quite simple. A corner of the kitchen floor is made of cement, with a drain at one side, and this serves as a sink, cooking place and dishwashing corner. They carry their water from a well near by and keep it in a big jar in the kitchen.



Umbrella-making at home. No assembly-line factory, this; no time clocks and no management-labor problems, either. And caste distinctions are almost unknown. Life looks simple here.

They cook their food over a charcoal or wood fire, also on the floor. It consists of boiled rice, served with meat, fish, or vegetables cooked with spices and oil. After the meal is over, the housewife or a servant—for many homes have poor relations or other cheap labor to help with the work—washes the dishes, squatting on the floor.

The family sits on the floor to eat their meals of rice and curry. They always come to the table with carefully washed hands, for they eat with their fingers, though only with the right hand. Their dining table is a small one and stands about a foot high.

Burmese men and women both wear a type of skirt called a *longyi*, which is worn fastened in a certain manner according to the sex of the person. Children's clothes are like those worn by the parents. This type of clothing can be folded flat and kept in tin boxes; so there are no closets in the Burmese home.

Most Burmese who live in villages bathe at the village well or, if they are fortunate, at a well of their own. Some homes have a bathroom built on to the house. The floor of this room usually has wide cracks and in one corner is a big jar made of pottery, with a tin dipper. One takes a bath by standing on the floor and pouring the water over oneself, letting the water simply run through the cracks to the ground below. Most homes have outside latrines made of bamboo, for flush toilets are unknown outside of cities and there it is only the unusual home that has any modern sanitary system or even running water.

BURMA is primarily an agricultural country, where a great deal of rice is grown and much is exported. But there are also many handicrafts carried on in the homes, with the whole family taking part in the work. Weaving is an especially important home industry. Both silk and cotton cloth is woven. It is either worn by the family, or sold in the market and the profits used for the family. The Burmese also do wood carving in their homes, and make cheroots, soap, umbrellas, and other goods. As a result, the family becomes an

economic unit, as well as being bound together by family ties.

Many of the homes are not only Buddhist, but are influenced by animism, which is the religion of many of the tribesmen of Burma. Every Buddhist home has its "Nat-sin," or spirit shelf. There is usually a coconut hanging in the house as the home of the spirit of the house. In addition, many homes have an image of Gautama Buddha, and flowers are usually kept before that image. Whole families go to the pagoda together, making of the excursion a happy holiday. The Buddhist priest, wearing a yellow robe and carrying his begging bowl, is a familiar sight, and the child in the home is



A sweet face beneath an odd hairdo. This is a Burmese girl carrying her baby brother. Come to think of it, we must look odd to them because we do not employ this method of transportation and child care. But what do they call a baby-sitter?

early taught respect for elders, teachers, priests, and religious objects in general.

THE CHRISTIAN home thus grows and develops in an atmosphere where there is already an emphasis on the happiness that comes from a united family life. But when a family becomes Christian, it has certain characteristics which differ from those of their neighbors. In the first place, the



Sewing at home, and with real dexterity. See, her sewing machine is turned by hand. And why not, because the lady needs her feet to sit on. Husbands must like this down-to-earth living, for at the end of the day a Burmese wife cannot complain that she has been on her feet all day. Or can she?

objects of Nat worship are thrown out, and in their place we find the Bible and hymnbook, which are used daily. A family altar is kept in almost every Christian home, and even the little children early learn to lead in prayer. Instead of trips to the pagoda, we find the Christian family going to church. They do not sit together, for this is not the custom of the country. The men and boys sit on one side, and the women and girls on the other. Burmese children are taken to church from an early age and are expected to sit quietly and listen.

The Burma Christian Council, which is composed of all of the Protestant groups working in Burma, is at present sponsoring a Christian Home and Family Life program. There are certain goals that are set before the people to attain as Christian families. Literature is being produced and put into the different vernaculars, so the family will have something to read. Conferences have been held where emphasis has been put on some of the problems that the Christian family faces and on how those problems may be solved. The Christian family in Burma is thus a strong force in the life of the people.

Plan ahead—that's the key to a happy home when school is out. The equipment needed may be simple, but be sure to have variety. Here are suggestions for . . .



PLAY FOR SUMMER

When the neighborhood children gather in your back yard to play with your Billy, and Jesse, and Susie, are you prepared to offer immediately constructive suggestions when asked for play games that will keep them harmlessly employed?

When your own children come hanging around your worktable or ironing board, asking, "Mommie, what can we do next?" can you, without neglecting your own work, send them off happily and merrily on a new adventure?

This problem is a part of every mother's experience from the time school closes in the spring until it reopens in the fall. So, mothers, be prepared! For in spite of the modern playgrounds which are available in some places, the home is still the best place for your children, under your own watchful eyes.

Mothers will find it helpful to keep on hand a few inexpensive aids to play, such as vari-colored toy balloons, a length of light rope or heavy cord, a few wooden or metal hoops, bean bags, rubber balls large and small, and an old automobile tire or two. Of course, a sandbox and teeter-totter for the very young children, horseshoes, quoits, badminton, croquet and such games for the older children are a great help

if there is ample space for such equipment. But if not, there are games that can be substituted.

Shadow Tag is a sunshine game that can be enjoyed by any number of players, young or old. A child is chosen to be "It," and tries to step on the shadow of some other player. When successful, he must call out the name of the one whose shadow has been tagged and the one caught then becomes "It."

Barnyard Pets is another good game. The leader gives each player the name of some barnyard fowl or animal, and the "pets" form a circle, with the leader in the center. The leader starts the game by calling out directions, and as the name of each pet is called, the person representing that animal or bird must imitate the actions and sounds it makes, and keep on doing so until the game is over. Thus, the leader might say: "The hen scratched busily for her chicks." The hen would immediately begin to scratch and cackle, and the chicks to peep. The leader would continue: "The donkey brayed as the rooster flew up on the fence and crowed. The pony ran around the barnyard neighing, while Billy was milking the cow, and the calf tried hard to get through the fence to

its mother. The pigeons strutted about the barnyard and cooed, while the barking dog chased the mewling cat up onto the fence," and so on, until each name had been called. The pets not only make the proper noises but must also act out the parts the leader suggests. The dog must chase the cat, the pony run around the lot, the calf try to get through the fence, and other similar acts. Any number can play this game, the more the merrier, and the final climax is a joyous mixture of noise and laughter.

Tugs of War, Toss Ball, Tag Games and various kinds of **rac**es are always good fun. **Hoop races** are among the favorites.

Hoop Relay Race. Divide the contestants into two equal groups and line each team up behind the starting mark. The leader of each group is given a hoop and a stick with which to push it. At the signal "go," the leaders roll their hoops to the goal line and back again, where Number Two on each team takes over, and so on, until all have had a part in the race. The team wins whose last player is first to return to the starting mark.

Hoops may be used in other ways, also. Suspend a small bell from one side of a hoop in such a way that the bell will hang in the center when the hoop is allowed to swing by a cord from the limb of a tree.

VAYS AYS

The contestants try to hit the bell with a small rubber ball. If the bell rings, it counts fifteen for the contestant. If the ball goes through the hoop without touching the bell, it counts ten; if the ball hits the rim of the hoop without going through, it scores five points.

Bean Bag Games. The same scoring holds good in **Bean Bag Toss**. Draw three circles on the ground inside each other. The contestants stand back and pitch their bean bags. If a bag lands in the small inner circle, it counts fifteen; in the next circle, ten; in the larger outside circle, five.

Bean Bag Catch is also good fun for a large group. All players except one have bean bags. The players form a circle with a space between each player. At the signal "go," each player tosses his bean bag to his neighbor on the right; then he turns quickly to receive the bag which is coming to him from the player on the left. When the bags have gone several times around the circle in this manner, the leader calls, "Turn about," and the tossing is reversed, the bags going toward the left while the receiving is done

from the right. Any player failing to catch a bag must drop out of the game, taking a bean bag with him.

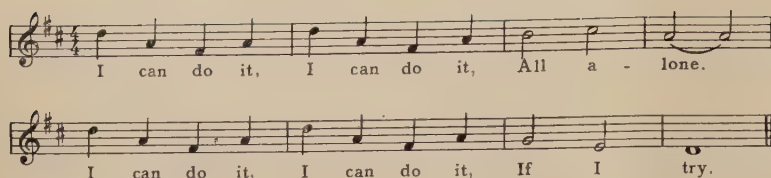
Eating Contests. These are lots of fun if the children's sunsuits or play clothes won't be harmed. Let them try eating a ripe tomato from a paper plate placed on the ground, without using their hands. Or try eating an apple suspended by a string from the branch of a tree. Or let two blindfolded contestants feed each other dry cornflakes from spoons, while seated across a small table from each other. Pie-eating contests are good sport, especially if the pies happen to be berry or custard. A dish of jello is almost as much fun. Or tie pieces of hard candy to the ends of string of equal length. Place the candy on a table, letting the strings hang over the edge. Each contestant, while holding his hands behind him, takes the end of a string in his mouth and begins chewing on it, trying to draw the candy toward him. The first one to get the candy in his mouth, wins the race.

Balloon Games. Each contestant has three inflated toy balloons which he must juggle in such a way as to keep them in their air at the same time. If a balloon touches the ground, that juggler must drop out of the contest. The winner is the one who

(Continued on page 45.)



I Can Do It



with You

"Be Still and Know That I Am God"

(Psalm 46:10)

I will keep my mind
On God, today
While I'm at work
Or out at play.

I will be still
And know that He
Is Lord of land
And sky and sea.

I will be loving
All the day
In thought and deed
And words I say.

I'll keep my mind
On God, and know
That He is with me
Where I go.

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

I Would Be True

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

—HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

¹From *Learning in the Nursery Class*, by Eva B. McCallum, p. 250.

Children learn through their experiences with others of thinking, acting and living. Whether the ways they learn are Christian or un-Christian will be determined by their experiences.

Self-discipline is an important factor in Christian living. Children must learn what is right and good to do. Parents and church school teachers have an important task in helping them to become persons who can make right choices.

Children can learn to do things for themselves. Simple things as putting away their toys and dressing themselves give them a feeling of accomplishment, worth and growth, which is necessary to a well-adjusted, Christian life.

First Week—"I WILL TRY"

Bible Verses to Use

Love one another.—1 John 4:7. (K, P)²
Be kind to one another.—Ephesians 4:32. (K, P)
Children, obey your parents.—Colossians 3:20. (P)
The Ten Commandments.—Exodus 20:3-17. (J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"I Can Do It." (N)
"A Prayer for All the Days." (P, J)

Stories to Use

"The Babies Who Grew."—HGL, No. 24. (N)

Prayer

Dear God, help us to show love to others. Amen.

Second Week—"I WILL DO"

Bible Verses to Use

Even a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11. (Moffatt). (K, P)
Do that which is right and good in the sight of the LORD.—Deuteronomy 6:18. (P)

Poems and Songs to Use

"I Will." (N)
"What I Can Do." (K)

Stories to Use

"Jesus' Home."—PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Qr., p. 32. (P)

Things to Do

"Ways to Help at Home."—PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Qr., p. 38. (P)

Prayer

"A Prayer for Home"—PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Qr., p. 45.

Third Week—"I WILL KNOW"

Bible Verses to Use

For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, said the LORD, thoughts of peace, and not of evil. . . . And ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray.

²Meaning of abbreviations:

HGL—Home Guidance Leaflet
MBL—My Bible Leaflet
PPB—Primary Pupil's Book
N—Nursery (3-year-olds) P—Primary (6-8)
K—Kindergarten (4-5 years) J—Juniors (9-11)

Children

In the Month of June

NE

Children can be led to see that it is important to get along with other people, that other people have rights the same as they do, and that there are times when they cannot do what they want to do. Providing opportunities for children to show kindness and love, to assist with simple tasks will help them learn Christian ways of living.

The materials suggested here for use in worship with young children have been selected from the graded church school materials being used this month. Poems and songs from other sources are also provided. Choose the verses, prayers, stories and songs which will relate to your child's own experiences.

unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.—Jeremiah 29:11-13. (J)

Repeat Bible verses used in First Week.

Prayers and Songs to Use

'Be Still and Know That I Am God.' (P, J)

Prayer

God, our Father, we are glad for life. Help us to remember you and your good gifts to us. Amen.

Fourth Week—"I WILL BE TRUE"

Prayer Verses to Use

Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live; and so the LORD, the God of hosts, will be with you, as ye say. Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish justice in the gate.—Amos 5:14-15. (J)

Prayers and Songs to Use

'I Would Be True.' (J)

Prayer Stories to Use

'Daniel and His Friends' (based on Daniel, chapter 1). —PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Qr., p. 39 (P)

Prayer

Our Father, God, help us to think of what you would want us to do when we have choices to make. Help us to be brave and strong to make right choices. Amen.

Fifth Week—"I WANT TO BE"

Prayer Verses to Use

Far be it from me that I should sin against the LORD in ceasing to pray for you: but I will instruct you in the good and the right way.—1 Samuel 12:23. (J)

Repeat some of the Bible verses used previously.

Prayers and Songs to Use

'Friends of All.'—MBL, No. 90. (K)

'I Like to Think of Jesus.' (P)

Prayer Stories to Use

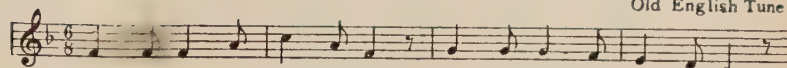
'When Jesus Was Twelve Years Old' (based on Luke 2:40, 52).—MBL, No. 91. (K)

Prayer

Thank you, God, for Jesus. Help us to follow Jesus' way and to be the kind of persons you would have us be. Amen.

I Will Put My Toys Away²

Old English Tune



I will put my toys a-way, Safe for play an - oth - er day,



I will put my toys a-way, Safe for play an - oth - er day.

I Like to Think of Jesus

I like to think of Jesus
When He was very small,
I know He helped His mother
And came when she would call.

I like to think of Jesus
And things that He would do,
I want to be more like Him
And try to help, don't you?⁴

—MARIAN LYLE PEDEN

What I Can Do

I can share my books!
I can share my toys!
Then I will have a happy time
With other girls and boys.

I can help at home;
Help at church school, too.
"A child is known by what he does."
And that's what I can do.

—JUANITA PURVIS

A Prayer for All the Days

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every day.

—ANONYMOUS

²From *Learning in the Nursery Class*, by Eva B. McCallum, p. 252.

⁴Used by permission of the American Baptist Publication Society.

By GRACE D. FOX

A PRESENT FOR GRANDMA

BILL ROLLED over on his back and looked up into the tall tree. Overhead on one of the branches he could see a spider spinning a web. What if the web broke and the spider came swinging down upon his nose? He giggled at such a thought. Then, remembering why he was there, he screwed his face into a scowl. He had hard thinking to do today.

It was all because of Grandma's birthday. Grandma was a pretty special kind of person. He thought of all the nice things Grandma did for him; now he wanted to do something nice for Grandma, but what would it be?

"Bill!" Mother was calling him.

He jumped up saying, "Here I come."

Mother needed something from the store. Would Bill go for her?

Of course he would. He liked to go to the store.

Mother was very busy getting a party ready for Grandma. The kitchen was filled with delicious smells. Bill sniffed deeply. It was surely going to be a wonderful party. He guessed there would be other grandmas there too.

"Mother," he said, "I wish I could do something special for Grandma today."

"That's very nice," Mother said, "but I think Grandma will be very pleased with the present you bought for her."

"Yes," said Bill thoughtfully, "but you helped me to buy it and you tied it all up to make it look pretty." He sniffed the good baking smells again. "And you see, Mother, I would like to do some-

thing for Grandma all by myself, something that would be all my own to give her."

Mother wiped her hands on her apron. "I think that's very sweet, Bill, but what?"

"I just don't know."

"Well," Mother said cheerfully, "perhaps on the way to the store you can think of something."

Bill started off with a hop, skip and a jump. "What—shall I—

do?" he sang. Hop, skip, jump, "What—shall I—do?"

Suddenly he stopped. He had an idea. That was it! That was what he would do! Of course it would have to be at night time. He would try hard to stay awake. Would Grandma like it? He hoped so.

Hop, skip and jump.

"I—know what—I'll do," he sang now.

Bill was right. It was a wonderful party. There were good things to eat, pretty packages for Grandma to open, and fun for everyone.

After Grandma's friends had gone home, Bill lay in his bed thinking about the party and about his surprise. He had to wait until everyone had gone to bed. He had to be sure all the lights were out except the one in the hall which Mother allowed to burn all night. Could he stay awake? He just had to! He must not close his eyes, not even for a minute!

Everything was very quiet now. Everyone was in bed. There was not a sound. Very softly he got out of bed. Very quietly he went down the hall. Very gently he

When you sing "Happy Birthday" at your house, is everyone happy?

Find out why Bill and Grandma were so happy.

opened the door to Grandma's room. He tiptoed over to her bed. He stood still a moment. This had been the hardest part, but now he was ready. Suddenly he began to sing. The tune was the "Happy Birthday" one, but Bill sang:

Here's a song for you,
Here's a song for you,
Here's a song, dear Grandma,
Because I love you.

Grandma woke up, turned on her light and looked a little startled. Bill sang it again.

"Thank you, dear," said Grandma when he finished. "That was very nice."

Bill snuggled into bed beside Grandma. "You see," he began, "I wanted to do something special for you on your birthday because you are so nice."

Grandma gave him a squeeze.

Bill went on, "I remembered about a story that Mother read to me one night. In this story when a man loved a lady he would go and sing a song to her at night time. So," said Bill, "I love you, I made up my song, and here I am."

Grandma was silent a moment. Then she said, "Bill, that is the nicest present I ever had."

Bill smiled happily!



MEDDIBEMPS

By MONA WYSE COLE

*This is a really true story. You'll
like Meddibemps. See, there
he is, high in the treetop.*



AFTER WANDERING away from his family the previous night, a young raccoon had slept close to a driftwood log under an alder bush. Not only lost, he was hungry, too, being not too skillful at finding food for himself. He smelled bread, a treat they had sometimes enjoyed on their nightly visits at the back of the village Inn. So it was that he watched, with longing, a picnic group close by on the beach where two boys sat eating. Cautiously he crept nearer, only to be startled and to run for cover when one of them shouted:

"Oh, look, Mommy, a baby raccoon," tossing a bite of sandwich in his direction.

Hunger overcoming caution, he returned and snatched it up. As more food was thrown he no longer ran away to eat it. Soon he sat up "begging," greedily eating until his stomach was round and full.

No longer nervous, he romped up and down the beach with the children, although efforts to fondle him were repulsed. They named him MEDDIBEMPS and insisted on taking him home. Placed in a box for the ride, he promptly fell asleep. On being released, he investigated his new surroundings with interest, poking his nose here and there and sniffing, or feeling of things with his tiny forepaws.

The family's return late each afternoon was greeted with happy

grunting and little chir-r-r-ring sounds, for he had quickly learned that it was the Mistress who fed him. Following her, step by step, as she prepared the evening meal, he would nimbly dodge if in danger of being stepped on. He rarely used the bowl of clean water set out for washing his food¹ except for dates, of which he was especially fond; of these he never got his fill, always begging for more. Carefully pitted—with much finger-licking—each piece was washed repeatedly before eating.

A born "show-off," he often waddled along on three legs on his

daily walk, using a forepaw to clasp a loop of his chain.

The family's transfer made it necessary for Meddibemps to return to the beach and freedom. Having worn a collar from the first, its removal puzzled him. Walking a few steps, he would return, sniff at it, pick it up, turn it over. He even tried to shove his nose under it as though to put it back on, only to have it tumble off. Soon bored, he left it lying there and wandered to a tall tree. Climbing high up, he curled up and went to sleep, silhouetted against the afternoon sky.

Example

My Collie is faithful; he sits by the door
And patiently waits until school ends at four.

Whenever I feed him, he's always polite
And thanks me by wagging his tail with each bite.

To have him forgive me takes no time at all,
For he is quite ready whenever I call.

Faithful, polite, forgiving—all three!
He sets a tiptop example for me.

CLARICE FOSTER BOOTH

¹Contrary to popular belief, the raccoon washes only a small part of its food, and then only if water is close at hand.

Young people must be given an opportunity to think and act for themselves. But how and when to let them solve their own problems is difficult for parents to decide. Here is an understanding discussion of . . .

PREPARING TEEN-AGERS TO GO ON THEIR OWN

"All out! End of the Line!"

ALL OUT! End of the line!" called the conductor in the old days as the electric cars came to the end of the track. The position of the car's trolley was changed; then the motorman took his crank and went to the other end of the car for the trip back.

"All out! This is the end of the line!" says the mother bird to her little ones, grown strong enough to fly, but fearful of dropping over the edge of the nest. With her wings she shoves them to the edge and over, and lo, they find they can fly.

The metaphors of the conductor and the birds break down when it comes to teen-agers and teen-agers' parents.

"I don't think you are old enough. Wait a year or two. I know the Brown boy is allowed to, but I think he is too young."

So the apron strings, even stronger now because they are emotional apron strings, throttle the development of teen-agers.

A Look at Pop and Mom

But on the other hand, teen-agers, remember this is a hard, cruel world. If you want proof, look at the battle scars on Pop's and Mom's faces . . . worry lines, grim work lines . . . it is no easy

battle to absorb the shocks of life . . . which, by the way, didn't get to you because of them.

Parents seem so steady and staid. They are. The day-in and the day-out routine of earning a living, providing for a growing family, and being on the lookout for any harm that may come has grown into a habit. They have found that they can meet life in that way best, and being responsible people, they have stuck at it. They know, too, that strength and ability are necessary, but they know that they mean almost nothing if persistence is left out.

You have the strength and ability to do many things, but ask yourself honestly, "Can I stick with the task and see it through?" "Can I take defeat with victory and still stick?" "If I make a mistake, do I have the stuff to keep on until it comes out right?"

Believe me, most parents of teen-agers are doing about all they can. Can't you see that giving more freedom and responsibility to you is really an added burden to them? The successes? Yes, you'll take the credit for them. But the failures? Will Pop and Mom have to absorb even more of life's shocks on top of their already heavy burdens? Give it some thought. And you can, for if you are straining

to have more freedom and responsibility, you have to do just this kind of thinking and come out with some solid judgments.

Maybe we parents have been assuming too much as parents. As we have been going about our work, day by day, our children have been growing and maturing. We have kept the responsibility for finances, the home, and social activities pretty much to ourselves. You object, but before you do so too strenuously, think of the really big decisions. Haven't they been decided in the final analysis by Mom and Pop? Are the teen-agers really consulted as equals? Have they been given some of the big problems and asked to come up with solutions?

Home is a good laboratory where controlled experiments in teen-age independence can be carried out. Family problems make an excellent test tube for the development of formulas in workable Christian principles to confront the world.

My children are not yet teen-agers . . . they will be in a few years . . . pray for us . . . this last is said, not facetiously, but in dead seriousness. The problem is huge. I know from the parents' point of view as I talk with my parishioners. I know the other

OWN



PREPARED

These brothers are third generation members of an American missionary family connected with Korea since the 1880's. Army 2nd Lt. Richard Underwood (left) and Navy Lt. Horace Underwood (right) served as United Nations interpreters in the Korean armistice negotiations. John Underwood (center) is one of the few missionaries still active in South Korea, where he visits the sick and wounded, and helps the native Korean church. Their grandfather, Dr. Horace Grant Underwood, was the first American missionary in Korea and founded Chosen Christian University there in 1885.

point of view, also, from talking with teen-agers in my church and from my contact with them in summer camps.

A Look at Mr. or Miss Teen-Age

Today, because of the world in which we live, youngsters have to be force-fed with independence. They have to mature in a shorter time and be ready to plunge into the world at an earlier age. Away from home . . . in the service or in college . . . and we want them to have roots in the ideals of a home, in the Christian ideals, so that they can meet life and be proud of their decisions in later years.

"I kept myself clean during the service," spoken with pride and deep emotion by a young man, produces the same thrill as seeing Old Glory floating triumphantly against a background of a rain-washed sky.

"I know that a good time is more than the moment, and that good times in the future are based on the foundations laid now," uttered by a wholesome girl, bodes more promise for a bright future than news of nations conquered and the development of more destructive weapons of war.

Do you think it is dangerous for youth to think? Before you give

a hasty answer, remember Socrates drank the hemlock because he found that certain parts of society do not want them to think. If they did, it would be too disturbing for the older people.

However, as Christians we must give our youths the chance to think, to be put in situations which are dangerous, situations that are challenging, if they are to develop the ability to meet and overcome temptations, to face and solve their own problems.

I make the statement advisedly in spite of, or because of, my experience in Y.M.C.A.'s and college-age groups, and my intimate association with young people over the years as teacher and director of a senior high summer assembly of more than one hundred teen-agers. I have found the following set of rules work.

The Steps to Maturity

1. Put the problem up to them. Outline both sides of the situation.
2. Leave them alone to come to their decision.

3. When they have honestly come to a judgment, be governed by that judgment.

4. Realize that the Heavenly Father, who numbers the hairs of our heads and marks the sparrow's fall, is more interested in the development of these youngsters than we are.

It seems to me that our job is to provide the atmosphere in which they can grow and mature. They will let us down now and then, but they will also thrill us to the core as we realize that they have taken a giant step forward toward Christian maturity.

"All out! This is the end of the line!" for parents, but not for God—this launching of a Christian personality on the choppy sea of today.

If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of
the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

—Psalm 139:9-10.

An Epitaph for

HAL EYED the telephone on its cradle. Barlow had come and gone; but through their hasty talk of a new bond issue for the Municipal Power Company had echoed Jen's urgent tones. He sat at his glass-topped desk, the clatter of near-by typewriters unheeded. Toby was dead, Jen had phoned. Toby, whom he had often-times wished were dead. Toby, a small bundle of wags and yips, an affectionate dog, but stupid, and oh, so smelly!

Toby had been run over, Jen had poured out agitatedly. She'd been trying to reach Hal for more than an hour. Her voice had sounded strained but he had not at once noticed it because his first reaction had been one of relief. "Well, at last!" had flashed into mind. "Is he dead?" he had asked. And in her reply he had then sensed her perturbation. He had sought to reassure her.

"Okay, Jen. I'll telephone the Department of Sanitation and they'll take care of it," he had said in his office voice, but then he added more kindly: "Don't let it get you down."

"I'm all right," she answered, a bit sharply. "I didn't care for Toby much more than you did. I'm thinking about Billy. He's heartbroken."

"Did he see the accident?" Hal had inquired swiftly, knowing that sudden death should not be witnessed by seven-year-olds.

"No, thank goodness!" Jen had replied. "We were just finishing lunch when Rollie burst in with the news. He's the boy across the alley—the one who pulled up our

rhubarb, you remember. It happened over on Pleasant Avenue. A Mr. Benjamin, who's a cantor at Temple Israel, brought Toby over in his little boy's wagon. Oh, Hal," she had confessed, "it was awful. I wish you had been here."

"I wouldn't have been much help, I'm afraid," he had answered slowly. "I'm sure you handled it well." And as he had spoken, there had flooded over him again that familiar feeling of emptiness that came when he thought of Billy. *Billy is a curious boy, almost an unnatural boy*, he found himself thinking; and he wondered how many times during the past year he had repeated the same words deep within his mind.

Then had come an interruption of their conversation. Barlow was off to Chicago and had entered the office to demand a brief conference. "Will you call me back in five minutes, Jen?" he had asked. "This won't take long."

"All right, Hal," she had responded, not too enthusiastically. "There's something else I wanted to say."

NOW BARLOW had gone. Hal leaned both elbows on the desk and sighed. Might as well not wait for Jen to call. Better ring her up and get the matter over. But still he made no move toward the telephone that stood within easy reach. He was thinking back to the earlier days of his fatherhood.

There had been a time when Billy and he were the closest of pals. Billy had been a wanted child. No parents could have more deeply desired a baby than Jen

and he. And when Billy had finally arrived, nine years late, the event was suspiciously like a sacrament to them both. Billy took to his father almost as soon as the capacity to recognize individuals appeared.

"Come and sit on my lap, dear," Jen had coaxed countless numbers of times; but invariably came the answer: "Gonna climb Daddy's knee." Hal had marveled at the constancy of Billy's affection for him. "I can't understand why Billy gives you the go-by," he had once remarked to Jen.

"Oh, it's a man's world, all right!" she had replied; but there were overtones in her voice that Hal had never heard before—the dissonance of jealousy! From that day on he had quietly campaigned to help Billy transfer some of his overabundant affection to Jen, whose patient and faithful attention to the intimate needs of their son's life rightfully earned for her any bonus of love.

But something had gone wrong, Hal reflected gloomily as he watched the telephone. Billy had not responded as desired. He showed a distinct streak of stubbornness ("Come by honestly," Hal confessed to Jen), and he cut through every effort of his father with the cry: "But I want to go with *you*, Daddy!" Finally he had put his foot down, for was not his parental authority at stake? "You must take turns with your mother and me, or you can't be with me at all." Jen had shaken her head warningly, and Hal had pretended not to notice. But Jen had been right—something hap-

Toby

"One day you said to Billy, 'Until you learn to love and respect your mother, I shall not come to the schoolyard.'"



ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

pened to their fellowship. It was all over between Billy and him. They were all washed up.

Hal rested his forehead against his fingers. Toby! Toby was to blame! The filthy mongrel that had appeared out of nowhere, had stolen Billy from him. It was Toby who had broken up his family and given him this inner ache.

The sharp arrogance of the telephone bell interrupted his reflec-

tions. He took down the receiver. It was Jen.

"Are you free now, dear?" she asked.

"Yes. Go ahead."

"This thing worries me a lot, Hal," she began. "Toby meant everything to Billy, and I didn't know what to say to him. I never would have believed that a dog could mean so much to a child. Toby followed him everywhere and waited for him at the school

door every day. You know they've been inseparable ever since Billy adopted him."

"Hold on, Jen!" Hal remonstrated. "Billy didn't adopt Toby. It was the other way around."

There was a moment of silence. "Jen?" Hal called into the mouthpiece. "Hello?"

"I'm here, Hal," she replied. "I'm just thinking how to say something: I've made a discovery since Toby was killed. I don't see

how we've been blind to it all these months."

"What is it?" he asked, somewhat impatiently.

"Hal," she said hesitantly, "I think every little boy needs a dog."

"Yes, I suppose so," he agreed, mystified. He had owned a black-and-tan puppy for a few blissful months at Billy's age. "Dogs are all right in their place, but not in somebody else's place!" And because he had just clearly formulated for the first time the resentment that had stirred deeply within him for nearly a year, he blurted, "Toby took what didn't belong to him. He stole Billy from us!"

"No, Hal, no! Listen, dear! Every boy needs a dog, but he needs his father more. I think I know what happened. Neither of them is to blame. It's our fault."

"Now, Jen . . ."

"Wait a moment, please, Hal. I've had a hand in it, too. Billy is an unusually affectionate child. When he first began lavishing on you his excess affection, why, I'll admit that I became jealous of you. Not terribly so, but enough so you could see it. Right?"

"Well, yes, Jen, although I've never said anything. . ."

"I know, dear, and I love you for it. Then right away you started urging Billy to give me that loving attention."

"Yes, but . . ."

"But you see, Hal," she plunged on, "Billy isn't built that way. He's a man's boy, I guess. I'll confess I did want to win more of his spontaneous affection, as you had, so I went along with you. I'm ashamed to say that I secretly hoped that your being stern might turn him toward me."

Hal was quick with his own confession. "And I guess that part of the time, anyway, I was hoping that it wouldn't!" And with a growing recognition of their shared guilt, he added: "Maybe that is why both of us lost him."

"Well, dear," his wife continued, "you remember how we used to let Billy play afternoons in the schoolyard until you got home. Then you'd walk over, and put him in the high swing for a few run-unders before walking home together?"

Hal winced at the memory.

"But then one day," Jen reminded him, "you said to Billy: 'Young man, until you learn to love and respect your mother, I shall not come over to the schoolyard.'" She paused expectantly.

"That's right," mumbled Hal.

"Well," Jen's voice came gently, "it was just two days later that Toby appeared."

There was a moment of silence between them. "Yeah," said Hal at last, "I see. Toby wasn't so

stern!" He felt chastened and old.

"Yes," Jen agreed quietly. "Of his own free will Billy poured out on Toby that extra affection. He gave it to him because he is not constituted to give it to me, and because you had decreed that he no longer could give it to you. When a river is blocked, it digs a new channel. That's what Billy did, Hal. Can't you see? We're the ones to blame!"

"You're really sure about this, dear?" Hal asked thoughtfully.

"Yes, Hal, very sure. And I'll tell you why I know. I got the clue from what Billy said just before he went back to school this afternoon. We had gotten the old afghan and put it over Toby in the wagon, and I had told him that you would take care of everything. I tried to cheer him up because he was crying a bit, and, I think, somewhat frightened. I knew he should go back to school, so when the time came I combed his hair and went out with him to the gate.

"'Mommy,' he said forlornly, still holding my hand, 'now there won't be *anybody at all* to meet me after school!' And that got me, Hal. I nearly cried. I wish we had known about this sooner, before all this happened."

"It may not be too late, Jen." Hal was thinking furiously. A new meaning to Toby's death had suddenly come into mind. Perhaps this accident could mark the end of a period of misunderstanding and failure. Perhaps . . .

"Jen," he asked in gathering excitement, "what time is school out?"

"Quarter after three."

"I've got time to make it."

"Oh, Hal!"

"See you later, dear," he said hurriedly, "I've got an appointment with our son!"

AN HOUR later a man and boy sauntered home, hand in hand.

"Wasn't that fun, Daddy!" exclaimed Billy happily. "I'd forgotten the swing could go that high." Then he added in a quieter tone, "I almost forgot about Toby, too."

"Daddy . . ."

(Continued on page 38.)



"Thank you, Son!"

Overindulgence by doting parents may mar a child's disposition and value attitudes. Here, a minister draws upon his experience as a pastoral counselor, to sound a warning on . . .

By WAYNE C. CLARK

Parental Pampering

THE REJECTION of a child, by psychological separation, divorce, or favoritism, injures the soul and personality of that child more than ever one can realize who has not had to experience it. But rejection is not the only way to get the child out in life with two strikes against him. Excessive solicitude and pampering are also harmful parental patterns. Quite often the parent who thinks he is doing the most for his child, is doing the worst for him, and the mother who, by coddling and indulgence, thinks she is giving her daughter an opportunity she never had, is in actuality placing on her a hazard—a maladjusted, unhappy, unsuccessful life.

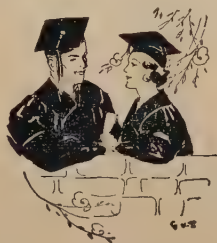
Shirley was that kind of person. She had grown up in a home where everything was done for her and nothing expected of her. She was the pet of two doting parents. She



never knew what it was to make an important decision for herself. She was wrapped in cotton, so to speak, and shielded from all the hardships and unpleasantness of

life. Her mother and father fought all her battles for her.

She was a sweet and charming person when unruffled. She possessed artistic and creative ability, was well educated and intelligent. She was even active in the life of her church, but she knew nothing



about being a good wife. She was an ego-centered, selfish person, concerned only with her own rights, that is, what she thought were her own rights. The thought of others rarely entered her mind. She had been taught the world was her oyster and people existed to wait on her. All this came directly out of her unfortunate, pampered childhood. Now that she was married, she was playing the helpless, dependent child instead of the mentally mature wife.

Her husband was an aggressive engineer. Theirs had been a college romance, and they had made a handsome couple. She was a beautiful young woman, but John found himself getting fed up with her. Coming home after a day's work, he would invariably find the house a litter, and there would never be a meal prepared and on

the table for him. Resignedly, he would walk over to the near-by delicatessen, buy some ready-cooked food and return with it. With some coffee and warm food in his stomach, he would feel a little better about it and would then wash the dishes while his wife dried them. She never arose before he went to work in the morning. She assumed no responsibilities as a housewife. It was all left up to John, yet she dominated him by her loveliness and sheer helplessness.

Finally, however, he kissed her good-by one morning and said nothing about coming back. A letter explained the reason. She was wild with grief, but realized in an



inarticulate sort of way that actually she had been expecting it all along. John was not the sort of person to tolerate this sort of thing indefinitely for he was an escapist. He had to get away from it. Shortly thereafter the minister and his wife appeared on the scene.

Isn't this wonderful? she thought. Now they will take over.

Someone always has come in to help me just in time. But they wisely sensed the true situation, and while they stood by in a spirit of helpfulness and friendship, they did not try to make her decisions for her or take over where John had left off. They realized Shirley was waiting for them to bring John back to his chains.

It would seem that being an active member of a church should have helped Shirley more than it did. In the end, it did help very much in the solution of the problem; yet, like many others, Shirley had never gone beyond the surface very far to understand what it means really to be a Christian. To her it meant simply being charming. The deeper meanings of Jesus' unselfish spirit had never penetrated her unruffled exterior. She knew nothing yet of losing one's self to find one's self, which is the very essence of the Christian faith.

However, through economic necessity, she learned to work gainfully with her hands, and through the long months of waiting and self-searching, she came

to learn the truth that he who seeks to hoard his life shall lose it. She began, then, to think of her husband's rights and privileges instead of her own. Her self-love was giving away to a concern for the object of her love. All these truths she should have been taught as a child, in order to be a competent wife. Instead, they came to have meaning for her in the crucible of suffering when, for the first time in her life, she had to face reality. Thus, and only thus, was the marriage saved and a real home begun.

Now, there is many a Shirley in this world who is trying to live an adult life on an infantile level. And there are many fathers and mothers just like hers, who are spoiling and coddling their children and actually making them unfit to live well-adjusted, happy lives. The child who is deprived of the privilege of doing something for his parents is being deprived of one of the best of life's character-forming experiences. The parent who rushes to meet all his child's problems and conflicts, deprives the child of the privilege

which every human being ought to have of growing up by doing some hard things himself and by making some hard adjustments. We want our children to be loving, but love involves the capacity for giving as well as accepting. It is not uncommon to find adults who tremendously need affectionate responses from each other but are unable to give them. They are those who have been on the receiving end all their lives and have never learned how to give affection, or who have never known how to give or receive love because it has never been given them.

This question was recently asked of a well-known psychologist: "Can you tell whether or not you are neurotic?" Here is his answer. "Yes, the neurotic thinks mostly about himself; the normal person mostly about outside activities and other people. The neurotic constantly thinks: 'How do I feel?' 'Can I possibly meet my responsibilities?' 'Am I going to sleep tonight?' 'What do others think about me?' His attitudes toward himself are all negative. Above all, he feels a lack of personal worth. He also feels others are the cause of his feelings and behavior."

I am convinced as I go further in my calling as a minister of Jesus Christ that what people need above all else is the Christian approach to life—this fundamental thing Jesus talked about when he said, "Whoever shall hoard his life shall lose it, but whoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. . . . What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And I think Jesus meant the here and now when he said that.

The way to find life is to lose it, to cease to think of yourself by thinking of others, to cease to worship the self by worshiping Christ. This involves more than religious formalism. It involves the surrender of your deepest self to the highest we know—to God. The spirit of Jesus Christ living within a person will free him from the chains of self and literally set him at liberty, but one must first feel the absolute need and be willing to do what is required.

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This father is starting from the bottom, in more ways than one, to build a sound foundation for his twins' success.



FATHER'S PLACE

Being a good provider is not the only function of a good father, especially if he wants to hear his children say, "That's my Dad!"

ABSENTEE FATHERS is what is the matter with a lot of young folks today," said a social worker. "Father's place is in the home. That does not mean he is the man who does odd jobs around the house or someone who writes checks more or less willingly. Fatherhood has been demoted in modern life. Many a father is styled a success because he is a 'good provider' when really he is a failure because he provides everything for his family except himself. It is time father stopped loading mother with two jobs and took over his own work." It was once suggested that the best

Father's Day banquet was father and son at the home table.

Too often it is at mealtime that father remembers to scold Susie for her bad habits or listens to a recital of Bobby's wrongdoings. "This has got to stop," decided one father. "The children are coming to regard me only as Chief Spanker of the family."

Some men are quite smug about being called good fathers. Perhaps they are—at times—when there is company, but not when the children bother them. They grow irritated, even angry, when the children become annoying and display normal misbehavior. These fathers often govern by the whack-and-wheedle system and are surprised when results are less than perfect.

"The deeper things of life are not so much taught as caught," says one writer. What contagious characteristics does father carry around with him? Will the children catch kindness, honesty, fairness and good humor from him?

Or—other less agreeable traits? Father's habits may be the causes of his children's future attitudes toward life. It is good if they not only like him as a person but want to be like him when they grow up.

"What do you remember most about your father?" a widow asked her daughter.

"The good times we had together," promptly replied the girl. "How he was always willing to play games with me and go places with me and encourage me to try things. We used to have a snack in the kitchen together sometimes and we had grand talks."

Recently a young business woman, in writing of her daily life to a friend, also added these observations: "This morning in the subway a youngster called out loudly, 'Good-by, Daddy.' This father evidently was only going to his day's work, but I remembered that cry was heard more often, wistfully or tragically, during the war. It

By **LYDIA LION ROBERTS**

seems to me, even now, that children say 'good-by' to their daddies, more than they say 'hello.' Why should this be so? Is this getting to be a 'mother's world' for children?"

The father is becoming more of a symbol, more in the background, or mostly a week-end parent. Even on week ends *pater* often follows his own pursuits. Although he often brings work home at night, or says he is too tired from the day's work to play with the children or help them, I wonder if it may not be an excuse not to be bothered with them.

THIS ALL seems too bad. A good father is a definite asset to his family (and I mean other than monetary). He is usually jolly, and knows a little about a lot of things to interest his offspring.

When he was asked what he wanted most for his children, a man at the top of his profession replied: "The first thing I want for my children is social and financial security."

"How about their characters?" asked an older friend.

"Oh, good characters, of course," he said.

"They don't come automatically," drily said the other man.

How can busy men find time to learn the art of fatherhood? One man instituted a "Dates with Daddy" project in his home. A special evening set aside for a son, a Saturday afternoon for a little daughter, a certain week end with no outside demands on him, a Sunday "for family use only." This proved a wonderful plan. Sometimes the children chose what they wished to do on their "daddy dates"; other times he planned surprises.

"What are you going to do for us?" some young people asked the minister of a church, when no spe-

cial room was provided for recreational activities. "We want some fun and we mean to get it."

"Where are their fathers?" thought the minister. Later he started a Fathers' Club for educating the men as to their place in life—at the side of their children.

It is not unusual for people to



A person really interested in a project can usually find time for it—and being a father is an important project. This airplane pilot in Fairbanks, Alaska, takes time to discuss his son's request to accompany him on his next flight to the far north.

shake their heads when children go wrong, and say, "How could they? Their father gave them everything!" Rarely, in those cases, had the father given himself.

"I've just got to teach the boys what their fathers didn't," said the wise warden of a prison. "They need hope, inspiration, honest work and a square deal, on top of a sound body. Fathers were too busy being ambitious to give them those things."

DOCTORS, social workers, ministers, educators, psychologists all agree that during the growing years, while habits are forming and

character is being established, a boy needs his father. If father does not get acquainted with him then, someone else will. If the trusted pal is a good influence, the boy is lucky and so is his father. If the chosen confidant and guide is a bad influence, the result is bad not only for the boy but for the family and the community because the association usually leads to delinquency.

"I long to give my children character before all other things in life," says Peter Howard, a man of many achievements. He believes character is their only security in this changing world. A father can do most for his children, he says, by helping them to be truthful, dependable, and fearless, by showing them how to confront difficulties, help other people and be adequate to life's demands.

A SCHOOLTEACHER'S comment on the situation is that the pupils under her charge might all be fatherless as far as she knows. She seldom sees or hears from a father unless she demands to see him about a serious default on his child's part. Fathers have been known to growl in dis-

gust at school methods and politics, but they seldom make the effort to meet the heads of the school or the school board to talk things over. When a class of boys and girls were asked if their fathers encouraged and helped them at home, most of the children answered, "No." Father was out—too busy—didn't want to be bothered.

That it is necessary for fathers to maintain business and social contacts is granted; also that they do valuable work in the world and are extremely busy. However, they make time to play golf and cards, listen to the radio, read the comics,

(Continued on page 42.)



Books for the Hearth Side

Very young children are interested in books that have large pictures and little text. **The Great Big Animal Book** (Simon and Schuster, unpagged, \$1.00) is this kind of book. Feodor Rojanskovsky has drawn the pictures of ten kinds of mother and baby animals. These are in full color and are very realistic. There is just one line of text to each picture, which is a two-page spread.

A Golden book which older children will enjoy is **The Merry Piper** (Simon and Schuster, 128 pages, price 25 cents). This is a collection of 70 favorite poems, and contains such names as Robert Louis Stevenson, Emily Dickinson, Christina Rossetti, Kenneth Grahame, Rachel Field, Walter de la Mare, Keats, Tennyson, and many others. There is a colored illustration on each page to add to the attractiveness and interest.

The Tall Book of Make-Believe (Harper and Brothers, 92 pages, \$1.00) is a collection of stories and poems. There are many old, familiar tales by well-known authors as well as selections by more modern ones. Well illustrated with pictures in color and in black and white, this book will please children.

Every child should have experiences with farm life. Where actual experiences are impossible, vicarious ones may be enjoyed in **Grandpa's Farm**, by Helen and Melvin Martinson (Children's Press, unpagged, \$1.50). This book tells how city children visit the farm and see the farm animals, the farm machinery, and learn of the hard work it takes to produce food for men and animals. The illustrations by Chauncey Maltman are excellent.

The Stubborn Donkey, by Cristiane Grautoff (American Book Co., unpagged, \$2.00), tells how a gentle, extremely good-hearted donkey is changed into a stubborn one. How his master learned that a little kindness can work wonders, and even cure stubbornness, is a story that will delight both children and adults. The gay illustrations by Anne Marie Janso add to the fun and interest of this story.



Parents who wish to begin family worship in their homes will find helpful **The Family Worships Together**, by Mazelle Wildes Thomas (Pilgrim Press, 64 pp.). There are chapters on "A Beauty Center in the Home," "Morning Prayers," "Grace at Table," "Evening Prayers," "Birthday Celebrations," and other subjects. At the close of each chapter there is a short bibliography or list of resource materials. True stories of ways in which some families have planned for worship make this a most readable and practical book.

Parents with young children frequently ask, "Where can I find a book of games to play with children during an extended automobile trip?" The answer will be found in **Tourplay**, by Winfield C. Higgins (William-Frederick Press, 54 pp., \$1.50). Besides the numerous games described in detail, there is a suggested list of things to take to pass the time on a long trip. This reviewer profited much from the section on "Highway Knowledge." If your family plans a trip, do not fail to have one or more copies of this book.

In a time when a great deal is being written about how to rear children, a very helpful book has appeared. **Your Best Friends Are Your Children**, by Agnes E. Benedict and Adele Franklin (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 310 pp., \$3.00), is a down-to-earth, helpful book. The authors use simple terms and concrete examples to show parents how to cultivate affection and understanding, which constitute the basis of real friendship between themselves and their children. They help parents build up their self-confidence through various methods. For example, they urge parents to use common sense in all situations; to think more of themselves and their own rights and desires as individuals; to understand that real friendship is giving love and asking nothing but love in return. To establish a real friendship between parents and children, there should be a giving of mutual help. Parents should know their child, in accordance with his age, as an individual and as a friend. They should participate in activities and share interests with their children—even trouble when it comes, for children are aware when something is wrong, and need to know that they have not caused the concern that disturbs their parents. They should share work, both at home and in community service, and learning to pursue hobbies together.

Growing children need the friendship of their parents, to attain security; to learn about others; and to avoid forming prejudices. Parents need the friendship of their children at all stages of their development, but particularly when their children are grown. Good relationships are best begun early in the life of the child; later, it will take longer and is harder work. Such friendship is rewarding to both: neither is asked for more than he can give, each lives his life to the full, and becomes more mature and stable.

This book will help parents find ways to make parenthood one of the happiest, most enriching experiences life has to offer.



James Fennimore Cooper, Leatherstocking Boy, by Gertrude Hecker Winders (187 pages), begins with the constant fear of Indians experienced by the early settlers. Even then, Jimmie Cooper was brave. One day he kept a panther treed until help could come to kill it, thus earning the name "Leatherstocking Boy." Jimmie never forgot the things he learned from the Indians and the scouts. He never forgot his own exciting adventures in the forest and on the lake. The events of his childhood formed the background for the famous stories Cooper wrote when he grew up.

Juliette Low, Girl Scout, by Helen Boyd Higgins (192 pages), the girl with a real name, play name, and an Indian name, surprised the people of Savannah when she grew into a beautiful Southern belle, married a handsome Englishman and became Juliette Low, a popular English hostess. Her name became famous for another reason: her meeting with Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, which gave her the idea of introducing the Girl Scout movement to America. She was the force that nurtured the organization until it grew strong enough to flourish on its own merits. The amusing incidents and interesting and varied background of this American girl reflect the arresting personality of an outstanding woman.

An Epitaph for Toby

(From page 32.)

"Yes, Son?"

"Do you think that Toby has gone to heaven?"

Hal tightened his grip on Billy's hand. "There's a lot about heaven that we don't know, Billy," he answered slowly. "That's something we'll have to learn more about together, Mommy and you and I. But there are some things we do know. The most important is that Toby is safe in God's keeping. We don't have to worry about him at all."

He thought a moment. Billy looked up expectantly, his brown eyes hopeful.

"You loved Toby, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy," he replied wistfully. "We had such good times when we were together."

"And did Toby love you?"

"Yes, he did! He loved me so much that he always did what I wanted to."

Hal smiled and looked into his son's eyes. "Then don't you think that God loves Toby, too, and that therefore we need not worry about him?"

Billy's face grew more serious. "Do you suppose that God loves him as much as I do?"

"I have no doubt about it, Billy."

"But I'm going to miss him very much, Daddy."

"Of course you are, Son. But God has given you a wonderful power—the gift of memory. Whenever you get lonesome for Toby, you can remember all the things you and he used to do together. You know—such as the time Toby went into the church sanctuary and we had such a time getting him out, or the time when

he rescued the shoe you accidentally dropped in Turtle Creek."

"I know, Daddy," he interrupted eagerly, "like the time I taught him to jump through the barrel hoop!"

"That's it, Son!" Hal encouraged him. "When you get lonesome, remember all the happy times you had. And if you can't think of any more, come to Mommy or to me, and we will help you."

"That will be fun, Daddy," Billy said, and squeezed his father's hand.

And as they came through the gate, with Jen awaiting them at the front door, Hal silently inscribed as handsome an epitaph as ever a little, black, smelly dog could wish. "Toby, old boy," he thought humbly but thankfully, "you've brought me back to my son!"

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Chin whiskers -----

21 59 64 69 85

B. How toads travel -----

86 104 93

C. A quick puff of air or smoke -----

55 63 101 26 49

D. Noah's eldest son -----

95 71 79 35

E. A small, fast army car -----

74 70 47 7

F. Pushed gently with the elbow -----

37 75 45 77 44 52

G. Owl talk -----

53 51 41

H. Paper for sopping up ink -----

65 43 22 23 27 14 61

I. The top of the body -----

28 67 94 76

J. Mimicked or imitated -----

78 54 17 39 19 33

K. Fast or speedy -----

73 89 98 11 81

L. Sheltered from the sun -----

92 24 90 100 91

M. Instructed, as in school -----

96 36 56 50 13 12

1		2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9	
10	11		12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19
20		21	22	23	24		25	26		27	28
29		30	31	32	33	34	35		36	37	38
	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47		48
49		50	51	52		53	54	55		56	57
58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67		68
69	70		71	72	73		74	75	76	77	78
79	80	81	82		83	84	85		86	87	88
	89	90	91	92		93	94	95	96		97
98	99	100	101	102	103		104	105	106		

(Solution on page 40.)

N. Our Senators and Representatives, as a group--

62 1 40 46 15 4 20 32

O. Bread, before it is baked

38 34 105 103 3

P. To bring to an end -----

97 72 57 31 58 18

Q. The break of day -----

5 83 42 99

R. To melt, like snow or ice

106 9 60 30

S. A depot -----

82 2 68 8 16 10 80

T. Loud, senseless shouting

84 25 87 88 6

U. Alone; only -----

66 48 102 29

Family Counselor

We have too many college professors who don't have much "horse sense," so they engage in sophistry and teach unsound theories that simply upset the happiness of their students, without giving them something better by which to govern their lives.

Question (concerning Sybil S., aged 20, who presents a common problem): "Dr. Crane, Sybil is home from three years in college," her mother informed me.

"And she feels that she knows everything. Of course, she probably does know more than I, for I never went to college at all.

"But she says psychologists teach that there is no God. She says we are just physical machines. Yet my own experiences tell me that there is a Supreme Being and that we aren't mechanical robots.

"My daughter also prides herself on being able to mix ten kinds of highballs, too, and tells her daddy he is old-fashioned because he doesn't have a private bar in his library.

"She says the woman who is president of her college taught her to drink, saying sophisticated girls must know such things.

"Dr. Crane, surely you don't believe that way, do you?"

COLLEGE SHEEP

Answer: Sybil's college experience is not a rare exception today. It is with deep regret that I must confess there are thousands of men and women leaving our colleges each year who are worse off than if they had never entered.

Sybil is an excellent case in point. She came home feeling su-

perior to her parents and her small town. She delights in sophistry of words, so she tells her mother there is no God.

She says her professors told her there is no God, so why should she get up on Sunday morning and go to Sunday school or church?

And she apes her silly college president who sets an example for the girls to drink so they will be sophisticated.

Many college students act like sheep and follow any example a liquor or tobacco advertiser sets up in front of them.

DON'T WORSHIP COLLEGE

Sybil's mother, however, shows one of the reasons why her daughter has been upset in college. For the mother unduly reverences college education, so naturally her daughter places a halo around her professor's words.

Although her mother has more "horse sense" than Sybil, she still shows the exaggerated worship of college education on the part of the general public.

But you don't have to go to college to be well educated! Be your own professor and you will become a cultured man, as Abraham Lincoln demonstrated.

Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison and William Shakespeare weren't college men, either, but they were far better educated than many of the college professors of their day.

PROOF OF GOD

So don't "reverence" college degrees. They don't mean much unless their owners have "horse



Dr. George W. Crane

sense" and can prove their ability to meet the practical problems of life successfully.

What are these problems? The ability to bring home a pay check regularly, and win a wife, and stay happily married, and bring up a family of sturdy youngsters with sound attitudes toward politics, morals, and hard work.

So never belittle your own intelligence if you are supporting your family in this competitive age. That means you are smart.

I know hard-working men and women whose college graduate sons and daughters are lazily sitting home without jobs and even begging cigarette money from papa!

They think they are superior because of a sheepskin diploma. But there's no brain in a sheepskin and little in the sheep itself!

"Horse sense" doesn't come with sheepskins, but with calloused skin on the palms of your hands. A man with "horse sense" will profit from college. A man without horse sense is made worse by college.

If you wish my essay "The Logical Proof of God," send a 3¢ stamped envelope, plus a dime [addressing your letter to me in care of this magazine].

It will enable your high school sons or daughters to prove by logic that God exists, and to make fools out of any "smart-aleck" Ph.D. college instructor who prides himself on his atheism.

People may be adults by calendar age and even have college diplomas, yet be emotionally immature. When you select a husband or wife, be sure you are marrying an emotional adult. Don't pick a man like Roy unless you wish to remain a perennial nursemaid.

Question (concerning Roy F., age 27, who has been married for four years): "Dr. Crane, we'd be quite happy if it weren't for Roy's temper," his wife began.

"Why, whenever he gets angry, he throws or tears things. For instance, if he cannot unfasten his tie as quickly as he desires, he tears it in two.

"Or, if his hat doesn't suit him, he wads it into a ball, or actually throws it on the floor and stamps on it.

"If our automobile will not start the very instant he steps on the starter, he takes the crank and breaks the headlights, or batters the radiator until it is punctured, and sometimes has even broken the car windows.

"Then he gets angry a second time when he has to spend money repairing the damage.

"Dr. Crane, what can I do to help him control his temper? I am afraid he will do something terrible sometime."

IMMATURE ADULTS

Answer: A youngster may grow so enraged that he will break his own toys. Then, when he cools

off a few minutes later, he will cry because those same playthings are destroyed.

In children of kindergarten age, such behavior is not unusual. But in a grown man, it indicates emotional immaturity. Roy is an adult in physical and calendar age.

He can vote. He can earn a living. He can dress like an adult. He has a high school diploma, so he is above average in educational background.

But emotionally he is quite juvenile. His kindergarten antics are typical, however, of the temperamental rages of many actresses and prima donnas, as well as other emotionally immature adults.

BABY SIX FEET TALL

Here in Chicago, one of our most famous surgeons also throws a temper tantrum frequently.

One day he hurled the tray full of sterilized instruments on the floor, and on another occasion he threw a pair of forceps right through the glass window of the operating room.

Before his patients, however, he is a perfect gentleman. But in the operating room, he browbeats the nurses, bawls out his interns, and generally acts like the spoiled kindergartner that he really is.

The fact that he is a nationally famous surgeon does not excuse such infantile behavior.

Unfortunately, we have scores of such surgeons in every large city. Just ask the nurses in any hospital and they can quickly tell you

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(From page 32.)

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—Romans 11:33.

The Words

A Beard	L Shady
B Hop	M Taught
C Whiff	N Congress
D Shem	O Dough
E Jeep	P Finish
F Nudged	Q Dawn
G Hoo	R Thaw
H Blotter	S Station
I Head	T Noise
J Mocked	U Lone
K Swift	

the names of the spoiled "mamma's darlings" who are staff members and even famous surgeons.

I tell you these facts, not to pick on my own medical profession, but to show you that emotional immaturity can co-exist with professional training and six years of college education.

Men who are six feet tall can still act like infants or toddlers emotionally.

CONTROL EMOTIONS

Some people are naturally more irritable than others, especially if they have a thyroid gland that is overworking. Others are left irritable and jittery because of lack of sexual compatibility in marriage.

And some have stomach ulcers that keep them brittle-tempered. But even the most irritable person can learn emotional controls, if he will follow the rules. Temper tantrum people are usually selfish and spoiled.

They need to be socialized and extroverted into childhood. They also need a sense of humor which usually develops from social experience.

If you wish my bulletin on "How to Control Your Emotions," send a 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope and a dime [addressing your letter to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine].

Merchants and salesmen show probably the best degree of emotional control, at least before customers; so learn to ride herd on your anger and fear and jealousy and love.

Emotions will stampede you, if you don't learn to rule them!

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

By Harold Helfer

► After having ceased beating for five minutes, the heart of a patient undergoing an operation in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, was returned to normal rhythm when the surgeon cut an incision in his chest and massaged the heart.

► The life of Earl Hudson, polio sufferer, was saved when a doctor in Tyler, Texas, accurately sketched from memory a missing part of an iron lung. A machinist made the part.

► A radar "flashlight" which enables the blind to "see" by sound and thus avoid obstacles in their path has been developed by British engineers.

► At Walla Walla, Washington, Mrs. James W. McConnell stepped out of the front door of her home in time to see her car with her two-year-old son Billy plunge over a 175-foot cliff. The

car turned over ten times and was demolished, but Billy escaped with only a slight gash on the head.

► The church at Leicester, England, was without fuel for a week during a cold spell but the people came and attended services anyway. They brought rugs and blankets and sat wrapped up.

► About half the farms in the United States now have telephones.

► Richard Beckman, Fairbanks, Alaska, construction worker, fell six stories into a stack of steel wall panels and only suffered a fractured rib.

► Sunday school attendance has risen so sharply at an Asheville, North Carolina, church that an overflow class has to be held in a big city bus parked outside the church.

of the grand blue and white sofa that seemed to be having a rather hard time staying together with its other half, separated as they were by a table on which a big lamp trembled at Mr. Winfield's search for a comfortable position. "Let me see," he mused, squinting one eye at the ceiling. "When I was fourteen I was in—yes, I was in Wyoming. I'll sure never forget *that* party," he chuckled.

"I wish he'd go and get lost," Pamela whispered fiercely behind an up-lifted handkerchief box.

Sally was shocked, but too absorbed in Mr. Winfield to think about it long. Oh, why couldn't Dad be fascinating and entertaining this way? Oh, groan! Dad was almost shy with her company, that is, he didn't talk long. He'd just say a few pleasant words and then go on upstairs where he read until it was time to take everybody home.

Mr. Winfield had everyone spellbound, especially the boys. You see, he was now in Texas, and listening to him telling all about the cattle and cowboys, the company hardly breathed, let alone noticed that the precious time had trickled away.

"I could throw a mean lasso, I'm telling you," Mr. Winfield related. "Let Lee Winfield do it," the fellows would say. . . ."

Mrs. Winfield appeared in the doorway. "Lee, do come away and let the children alone," she said worriedly.

Mr. Winfield turned and gave her a look that had her scurrying away and Sally almost falling off her chair.

If Dad *ever* gave Mother a look like that . . . oh, shudder!

IT WAS LIKE slowly waking up, that next hour or so. The girls, long wearied of Mr. Winfield's experiences, were carrying on whispered conversations, casually picking up magazines, stealthily looking at pictures. Only the boys still followed him, though somewhat absently. They were huddled like a clump of wistful puppies dutifully observing the antics of a bullying mastiff.

Sally, from a new position she had chosen *farther* away from Mr. Winfield, saw him as though for the first time. Oh, how could she have ever admired him so—so *terrifically*? Why, he was loud and selfish and . . . well, she just couldn't find the right word. And then suddenly it came to her—*adolescent*!

Was it possible for one to stay an adolescent all one's life? Sally wondered about it, but only briefly for just then Mr. Winfield was called to the telephone. He soon came strutting back.

"Gotta leave you kids now," he said grandly. "The fellows want me. Gotta sit in on a little game." He winked significantly at the boys.

"But you *will* be back to take the

children home, won't you, Lee?" Mrs. Winfield asked her husband as she handed him his hat and coat.

"I said I would be, didn't I?" he asked with a dramatic roll of his eyes at her. "When I say a thing, I usually do it."

"Well, you might as well eat," said Mrs. Winfield.

It was a wonderful lunch she had laid out on the dining-room table, and the cake—well, they had never seen anything like it. But a queer feeling was in the room and though they sang, "Happy Birthday," everybody felt queer and uneasy. And then, right at the end of the song, the worst thing of all happened—Pamela's head came crashing



Words are things, and a small drop of ink falling like dew upon a thought opens the shutters of the mind and sets the imaginations of millions a-wingin'! » » »

down on her scrawny little arms right on her very plate and she cried as though her heart were broken. "He spoiled my party," she sobbed over and over again. "He spoiled my party."

Mrs. Winfield was right there beside her, comforting her as though they were all alone in the world—far away from the frightened, staring children. "Never mind, darling," she whispered to Pamela. "You and I will go shopping together tomorrow—just wait."

Oh, if it only were possible to run across the housetops, home to Dad! That was Sally's one and only thought. A sudden growl of distant thunder had her almost frantic. What if it poured for hours? What if Mr. Winfield didn't get back? It was growing late. Reading fear in all the eyes around the table didn't help her any either. Oh, help!

Mrs. Winfield, sensing panic, gathered them about her at the piano, but tonight the popular tunes they often sang meant nothing. Only when she opened a hymnal and they began to sing the lovely old songs did they emerge from their dark mood and actually outstep the storm that shook the house.

"Somebody go out and see if it's stopped," suggested one of the girls

¹From the letterhead of the Henry F. Henrichs Publications.

when a little lull came in the storm. But how could you? Here you stepped directly out into the rain. There was no wide, cozy porch here where you could sit and watch the elements. Sally noted it with a tiny smack of shame as she remembered past spats with her mother and dad about the matter of tearing the porch off their house.

BUT AT LAST the storm was over and the guests ran in every direction, that is, those who lived in the neighborhood. The rest stayed on and took up positions of watchful waiting at the windows. Would Mr. Winfield ever—*ever* come? It was doubtful.

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Winfield. "We'll wait just a while longer and then I'll call a cab for you."

More time dragged by and then suddenly one of the watchers cried out. "Look! Here comes a car! Is it Mr. Winfield?"

They crowded close, and it was then that Sally's heart spilled right over. For she knew that solemn-looking car, and she knew who was driving it so staidly. Oh, precious!

"Oh, I knew my father would come!" The words burst from her very heart. She was the first at the door as Dad pulled up ever so careful of Mrs. Winfield's rosebushes that had been bashed down along the driveway by the storm. He glanced apprehensively at her and then sat quite still. A great comfort filled him, for he knew something had happened—something good. But he'd wait and let Mother "find out." That was best. He just opened the door and let them come spilling warmly in—noisy, eager, comforted.

Usually, especially at a "meanie" time, Sally got out at the front door, but tonight she insisted on going all the way to the garage with Dad. There she stood with new patience while he did all the suddenly dear homely things—a little last-minute fussing around the car, closing and locking the garage doors, even stooping to peer into the doghouse to see if old Skippy was all right. At last he turned to her standing there in the warm light from the kitchen window and for a long moment they just looked at each other, then suddenly Sally's heart overflowed with love and she flung her arms about his neck, half sobbing, "Oh, you're the most wonderful dad in the whole world!"

He held her very close and stroked her bright head in his dear, awkward way. "You're pretty wonderful yourself, honey," he told her huskily.

For a precious moment they stood so, then Sally looked up. She sniffed. "Mom's making hot chocolate," she laughed a bit shakily, "I smell it."

Dad sniffed, too. "So she is—bless her heart," he said. "Well, hadn't we better hurry in?" He held out his arm in playful courtliness.

With a deep little laugh of content, Sally took the arm and they went happily into the house together.

The Henrichs Family

(From page 18.)

To the beauty that meets the eye is added harmony for the ear. Each morning organ music floats through the building and, by amplifiers, to the hurried world outside. Each evening the "Call of Sunset" chimes "Day Is Dying in the West." Mid-afternoon is marked by Moments of Music when refreshments are passed from room to room, while the Sunday Vesper Concerts, with guest artists, have become a tradition.

Here is the visible symbol of dreams come true, dreams of these happy, busy people who have lived, loved, and worked together for more than fifty years. What is the secret of their joy in life? Not their money. They are glad for their comfortable home, as livable as it is unpretentious. They are grateful for means to expand the business. Long-established tithers, they delight in more to give but for them money has never been a principal incentive and it can never be a principal satisfaction. The secret, then?

Again Winifred was bubbling with an explanation: "We've had such blessings. Not material—not even physical—but . . . the family . . ." She meant Garth, important in the business and, what matters more, an elder in the church, known across the country as an able Christian leader. She meant Monta, whose dedicated talent at the organ serves her church, while she fills with versatility many another church and community niche. Her music is a heritage from both parents. Remember Winifred's pump organ? And Henry once led an orchestra as an avocation.

"And," Winifred went on, "our in-laws. We are so blessed in them." Garth married Madge Coleman, who graduated in his class from Eureka, a religious education major who gives to her church as a volunteer the services of a professional. At Eureka, too,

Monta met Dick Crane, whom she married after both had received their degrees. Dick is a worthy son of a church deacon and a gracious Christian mother. Though he carries a heavy load as principal of the high school serving all of Brown County, for years he has taught in the church school and recently he found time to serve successfully as chairman of the church board.

"We're all in the same church," Winifred was saying. I remembered Elder Masters who would not give her to Henry until assured that he, too, would be of the Disciple fold. "All in the same church—and working." Then she looked at ten-year-old Judy as she said: "We're all in," and Judy's big blue eyes flashed a smile.

Only the night before the Henrichses had attended the Easter Baptismal Vespers, at which Judy was baptized. Long in faithful attendance at both church school and worship services, for three years Judy had made and paid her own church pledge. For two consecutive Lenten Seasons she had come to her pastor for instruction and conference. Now she felt ready to declare her faith.

"We're all in—and working." "All" meant young Tom Crane, tall, blond and handsome, and Garth's Larry, a student at Phillips, and Carolann just finishing Litchfield High, all of them of the stuff of which leaders are made.

And "all" meant Maud, the niece who is as a daughter. After graduation from Eureka and a period of teaching in Southern Christian Institute, Maud was studying in Chicago when she went home to help Uncle Henry through an emergency, and stayed to become an indispensable partner. Organist, at both the church and the House of Sunshine, Maud is a great many other things to "even the least of these my brethren." This she would be surprised that anyone should know, for she lets not one hand know what the other doeth.

"We're all in . . . and working."

So the Henry F. Henrichses are happy in dreams come true. The business has long since outgrown its home. So Henry is dreaming of a larger House of Sunshine? Oh, no! Now it's a whole village, with the present House of Sunshine transplanted as a first unit. There must be acres of plantings and memorial trees not unlike those in the Literary Acres of the Elise Chapin Wildlife Sanctuary, where stands a tree dedicated to Henry F. Henrichs as an informed lover of nature and all things beautiful.

The village site is bought and plotted. Current building restrictions stay for a time the embodiment of this latest dream. But Henry Henrichs can wait. The longer the waiting, the more of dreaming and the grander his dreams will grow. To adapt his own words: "In the flight of fancy, nothing is impossible. Things that would tie one down to earth, will one day break like a spider's web in the waft of one's desire." Then another, and another, and yet another dream will come true.

But the dreams of Henry F. Henrichs are all alike in this: Always they are dreams of beauty, and of good will as expressions of God at work among men. They are his answer to his mother's gentle admonition: "Henry, live for something!"

Father's Place

(From page 36.)

go to the dentist, and meet people in whom they are interested, or whom they wish to interest. Being interested is the clue to finding time to be a father. A person vitally, prayerfully, enthusiastically interested in a project usually finds time for it. What greater project in the world can there be than bringing up boys and girls to be mature-thinking, responsible men and women? But it is the kind of work that cannot be delegated to other people. Being a father means "being." A father serious about his fathering must be wherever his children are. There are times when long-distance fathering cannot be helped, but a father at hand is worth two other substitutes.

THE FIRST twenty-one years are the hardest, but no father's life is an easy one. There is no guarantee of escape, day or night. It is a wearing, soul-searching, hair-losing, muscle-tiring task. There is no particular notice or fame, announced in newspapers or by television. In fact, very little reward is Father's, unless one counts the special tone the children use when they say, "That's my Dad!" Admittedly, that will send a thrill from Dad's bald spot down to his corns. And if his children turn out well, Father will look at them proudly, and forget his hard years at home beside Mother. In fact, he may forget Mother entirely and say with simple, stupendous pride, "These are my children. I gave them the best years of my life, and I'm glad of it."

BITS OF SUNSHINE

From: *Sunshine Magazine*

You can no more measure a home by inches, or weigh it by ounces, than you can set up the boundaries of a summer breeze, or calculate the fragrance of a rose. Home is the love which is in it.

—Edward Whiting.

Because a man is said to be fair and square with those who trust him is not a great recommendation in itself. The important thing is this: Can he rise above those who are unfair to him?

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. Shun him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a child. Teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Awaken him.

He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise. Follow him.

—A Persian Proverb.

BROTHERHOOD

Have faith in yourself this morning;
Start out to reach a goal;
Be attentive in your actions;
Be understood in your soul.

Reach out for new horizons;
You can conquer fear with good.
You are not alone in life
If you're living brotherhood.

—Jerry D. Mitchell.

Congress can legislate till doomsday, but the basis of our national prosperity is still an honest day's work.

STUDY GUIDE

on "Does Your Child Feel Secure?"

General Suggestions

A. A panel of experts is becoming increasingly popular with parents' groups. Family forums present excellent opportunities for a question-and-answer period, especially when an authority from a local Child Guidance Clinic, T-Teen organization, or the Mental Hygiene Society is invited to sit in and be alerted." A public school teacher, judge, pastoral counsellor, or director of Christian Education, too, can guide thinking into more informative channels.

B. Suggest that all members of the group familiarize themselves with the article. A comparison of viewpoints on what constitutes genuine security, and a discussion of basic methods used in family groups to insure it, may be stimulated by selecting "experts" in family living from church membership. For instance, recommend a mother, father, young person of high school age, and a junior and intermediate age boy and girl as "experts" for the panel.

C. Secure copies of the recommended books on the reading list for members of the panel to consult beforehand. Mark pertinent chapters. Have on hand, for distribution if possible, copies of Katherine Lenroot's article, "The Churches' Responsibility to Children," and the "Pledge to Children,"¹ from the White House Conference. Reprints of the Lenroot article are available in limited quantity from the Social Security Administration, Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.

II. Planning the Question-and-Answer Period

A. Members of the parent group may be instructed to prepare thoughtful questions for the Question Box. One parent may be selected as a moderator for the group, to edit the questions. Add questions on phases of the topic that have been omitted.

B. It is not necessary to call a meeting of the panel participants ahead of time. But it is a wise measure to give each a mimeographed list of the points to be covered in the forum as a whole, such as the following:

1. It has been found by experiment that the physical environment in which a child grows up is less important than what happens within the family circle. "It isn't the house that counts, rich or poor though it may be. It's the people in it." Security is the most basic need of human personality.

2. Mental hygiene and spiritual hygiene are linked. A parent at home, a worker in the church school, a teacher, or psychologist—all are handling children subject to the same conditions of growth.

3. Security is provided to children and adolescents often by example in these ways: parental honesty in all actions; emotional stability and consistency in discipline and family program; friendliness, tolerance, and devotion to Christian ideals.

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Children like to express their love through gifts. A gift for father on Father's Day might be made. If not a gift, a greeting card would be appropriate. Suggestions for gifts and other things to make and do are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, and books from the library.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes to be found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries. Such books as *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, include many types of games.

4. Creative family living provides an ample sense of achievement. Autocratic parents often spell failure to their children by denying them the chance to develop self-reliance. Repeated denial of basic security factors directly conditions the child to feelings of being unloved and not belonging. These carry over into adulthood in the form of anxiety complexes, overaggressiveness, anger and withdrawal from reality.

5. A child or youth who feels secure in the love and affection of his parents will respect firmness in discipline if the rules are fair, and will excuse occasional mistakes on the part of his parents.

6. Much adolescent rebellion is overlooked by the mature parent as a symptom of the adolescent's growth and his desire for freedom to try his wings.

III. Concrete examples of situations to illustrate questions and answers

A. Marianne's mother is distracted by many activities outside of the home. Marianne, aged five, becomes perverse and unmanageable. Her mother buys her a fine gold wrist watch for her birthday. Is this method of achieving conformity an effective way to develop character? Is it essentially harmful?

B. Can a teen-age boy or girl be given freedom and guidance at the same time? Does Bible study help guide them?

C. Does "love to spill over," such as Martha Graham suggests, increase a small child's tendency to be self-centered, or is it a factor in spiritual guidance, just as sunshine is a factor in physical growth? Is love ever wasted in its true sense?

D. How can the devotional life of a family group be made rich and vital?² (Ask the young people on the panel for their ideas regarding prayer and its contribution to their feelings of security.)

IV. A Program for the Meeting

A. Explanation of theme by moderator. Introduction of panel members.

B. Questions drawn from the question box and addressed to members according to the type or technical nature of the question.

C. Period for general discussion if the parents desire further information or have counter-questions.

D. A film for an extended meeting may be obtained from Family Films. A film, such as "Shy Guy," is thought-provoking.

For Further Reference and Study:

Fahs, Sophia L., and Manwell, Elizabeth M., *Consider the Children How They Grow*. (Chapter 8, "The Secure Child.")

Baruch, Dorothy. *New Ways of Discipline*.

Mackenzie, Catherine. *Parent and Child*.

Strang, Ruth. *A Study of Young Children*. (Chapter 3, "The Roots of Personality and Character.")

Benedict, Agnes E., and Franklin, Adele, *Your Best Friends Are Your Children*. (Part II—"Sharing Interests.")

Carroll, Gladys H., *Christmas Without Johnny*. (A novel.)

Langdon, Grace, and Stout, Irving W., *The Well Adjusted Children*. (Chapter 5, "Religion Is Part of the Picture.")

Hamilton, Mrs. Clarence M., *Doorway to a Happy Home*.

²See previous issues of *Hearthstone* for articles on worship in the family with young children, grace, family traditions, etc.

¹Reprinted in *Hearthstone*, January, 1952, p. 33.

COLORS for MEN

THE WRITER is admittedly male and of mature years but is capable of defending himself if necessary. So the men who read this article should not go gunning for me until they are sure that I'm not gunning for them. I further admit that the theme of this piece is "How to keep friend husband home when he prefers to gad about."

Men prefer dark colors but our wives and brides, who usually like pastels, have often persisted in decorating our homes in the lighter shades. Were they merely trying to satisfy themselves? When a man has a chance to decide the color of his retreat, such as his club or a cottage at the lake or in the woods, he will invariably choose rich hues and deep tones of colors. The adult male is notably unresponsive to tints and pastels. He has seen so much watered-down color in feminine attire that he naturally shies away from tints in his own clothing. Try to get a man to wear a yellow waistcoat these days, or one that has overprints like a length of cretonne that is intended for dining room draperies! Most older men just won't wear them. Yet ladies do, and love them! Many ladies still persist in selecting the same fuzzy-wuzzy colors and designs on their walls, despite the new trend to deeper hues.

Several noted psychologists have meely noted and suggested that the ladies are in error when they decorate their rooms in pastels and tints but then, most psychologists are likely married and too busy worrying about other people's troubles to say much for themselves. Manufacturers of colors

and dyes for wallpapers, decorating materials and clothing have said little about how men suffer under constant barrage of pastels though they continue to endeavor to persuade the gentler sex by displaying deep-hued goods.

Consider the advertisements of masculine clothing and refreshments. You will surely see that they invariably show a contented man in a room that is decorated with dark colors. A man seems at home and relaxed when surrounded by deep hues and chromas. "At least one room in every home should be decorated in dark colors so that the husband can relax and rest there," avers Floyd E. Bock, color consultant and author of the book *Let's Talk Color*.

It is a known fact that the feminine complexion is more attractive in rooms that are decorated in rich hues and lighted by shaded lamps. Friend husband will likely find you more attractive than usual when he glimpses you over his newspaper in a living room that is done with the ceiling and one wall in a dark maroon and the three remaining walls in a rich green. He will not feel the need to run down to the corner for a moment or be desirous of staying up with a "sick" friend if he has restful, masculine colors in his own home.

M. Bernstein, the eminent color consultant for the French Theatre, advises the use of dark colors in the home to keep husbands content, relaxed and subdued. Men do not feel that inclination to seek extra-curricular entertainment if their homes are decorated with colors which are of masculine preference. "Make mine dark," said

ninety-five per cent of the men questioned about their color preference for hues suitable for home decoration. Surely that should tip off the ladies!

Interior decorators who decide the colors for rooms which display furniture in stores invariably use deep, dark colors because they know that even lesser quality furniture shows to better advantage against dark walls than against pastel backgrounds.

Ladies, if you are still doubtful about men having a distinct preference for dark colors for home decoration, just step into any modern haberdashery and look around. There you'll see plaids, stripes, squares, or just plain walls, all in dark colors that have a gorgeous richness and eye-appeal. There is the masculine choice. So it is for the home, though men usually do not say much about it.

Relaxed in his chair at home, surrounded by richly hued walls and ceilings, your husband can appear as much the "man of distinction" as anyone yet seen in the advertisements. There is a great variety of hues and shades to choose from nowadays, so, as we clamber away from the days of the Taupe Decade, let us decide to give some consideration to mere man's preferences for home decoration. Remember there was a time when men "ruled the roost" and chose the furniture and wallpaper. In those days life was colorful and hefty. And men were happier than they are today.

Surely the ladies will want to end the pastel decade as soon as possible. The color pendulum has been swinging away from pastels and signs show that ladies who want to hold their husbands' love and attention had better waken to what color can do to keep husbands happy at home. Remember, ladies, men are not color blind. We have merely been tolerant, that's all!

The theme of this article has been stated. The conclusion we reach is, "To keep a husband at home and have him contented to stay there, consider the male preferences for colors and styles of home decoration as well as your own."

'Nuff said!

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

*Finding a cure for a child's
fear is not always easy,
even if it is caused by
beautiful . . .*

Butterflies



IT HARDLY seemed believable that our smiling, happy-go-lucky June could be suddenly thrown into a panic at the sight of a mere butterfly. For all of her four years she had been completely normal and never frightened unduly. She had never had crying fits without reason.

In the middle of her fourth summer she developed a mad fright at the sight of harmless, pretty butterflies. Her father and I reasoned with her. She wailed louder. We held butterflies in our hands—tried to show her their beauty. She screamed uncontrollably.

Then I found the cause of June's fright. Some older children down the block took a mean pleasure in telling her, "If you don't stay in your house the butterflies are gonna chase you. Here is a big one . . . B-z-z-z-z!" June cried—had nightmares . . . Oh, what thoughts I had about those older children! Even so, they wouldn't

By **HELEN LANGWORTHY**

have erased the terror from our child's mind.

A teacher to whom I appealed said in a capable way that the solution was to show June pictures of butterflies. "Show her pictures in magazines or encyclopedias," she advised.

I did. June would have nothing to do with the colorful pictures. She sobbed for hours. When I began to wonder if a psychiatrist was the only answer to her "butterfly complex," I accidentally stumbled onto the cure.

I had been to a friend's home, a friend who makes beautiful paper flowers. Along with the vases of bright flowers there was a very real-looking paper butterfly. I was glad that June had not come with me!

Still, when I reached home I decided that I would contrive to

make a paper butterfly myself, just for fun. June came in, watched me solemnly as I twisted bits of orange crepe paper around small-size clothespins. She looked critically at the finished product. And she did not cry. Then *she* grabbed for scissors and crepe paper and began making some rather odd-looking butterflies. She laughed at them, held them in her little hands as she said, "They don't b-z-z-z!"

I agreed with her. We made more. In fact, in the next few days June and I made enough butterflies to attach one to every curtain and plant in the house, with a few for surplus.

June even gave some of the leftovers to the children who had first started her trouble. Her happy voice rang out proudly, "Butterflies don't really b-z-z-z. See? June can make them."

From then on, the older children were taken in stride by June.

Perhaps that's the answer to a lot of children's complexes (and maybe those of teensters and oldersters!)—that is, to let them work out their difficulties with their own hands!

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

Play Ways for Summer Days

(From page 23.)

keeps his three balloons in the air the longest.

Many kinds of races may be run by gently batting the balloon over a given route, or by pushing a balloon over a certain course with each contestant touching it only with his nose.

Balloons may be suspended from the limbs of trees and shot at with toy bows and arrows, or thrown at with rubber balls.

Bottle Games. Backyard bowling can be played with rubber balls and bottles, or Indian clubs. A garage floor makes a good bowling alley for Indian clubs when it can be marked off with chalk lines.

Here is another bottle game. Place wide-mouth bottles or mason jars on a mark, one for each contestant. Each player is given the same number of grains of corn, cranberries, peanuts or straight clothespins. The object of the contest is to see which child can drop the largest number of the objects given him into his bottle while holding his arm out straight from the the shoulder. The same game may be played using only one jar with the contestants taking turns. Then, of course, the jar is emptied each time before the next player comes forward.

Resplendent Shades

by

VERNA

GRISIER

McCULLY

HAS IT ever occurred to you that you can do something to brighten windows besides giving them a new pair of curtains? You can paint the window shades! It's quite easy, and the results are surprisingly attractive. This is an idea ready-made for a young people's group or a family group wishing to improve a classroom or club room, the church social rooms or some room at home. Of course, an individual can paint shades, too. The one thing required is a light-colored cloth roller-shade, new or old. White, cream or ecru is best. Expensive shades are not needed since a thinner quality gives better results than heavy cloth.

The design painted depends on the room and your taste. A pattern can cover the shade, as Madonna design *A*, rosebush *B*, scene *E* or fish pattern *F*. Or small motifs can be spotted in bright colors, like butterflies on *C*, or flowers sprinkled in the same way. Borders are good, too, as fruit bowl *G*, suitable for a dining room, or elephants like *D*, for the primary room or a child's own room. Other animal forms, such as puppies or kittens, could be substituted. A small silhouette-like pattern is adaptable to many rooms. Designs *A*, *B* and *C* are especially appropriate for a Sunday school room or church social room.

Painting is done directly on the inside of the shade. You may use colored ink, transparent water-color paint, ordinary school paints in pans, paints in tubes, or liquid paints for tinting photographs. Tempera or show-card colors are not suitable. The paint or ink must be transparent so light will show through. During the day

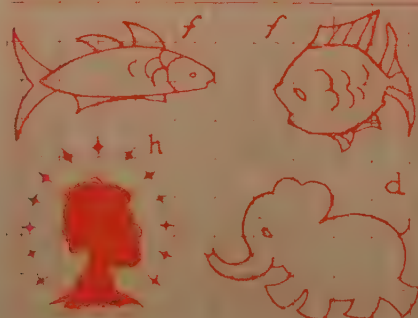
the design will brighten the room, and at night it will be seen outside.

Decide on your pattern. If a group works together, let the most artistic members create or copy the design and suggest its colors. Everybody can help with the tracing and painting. If there is more than one window, the same pattern can be repeated, or a slightly different but similar pattern can be put on each shade. Except for a small border design, draw a full-sized pattern on wrapping paper cut the exact dimensions of the shade. If your shade is longer than any illustrated, continue the design all the way up. On pattern *A*, the background of imitation stained glass can be added to the top. On pattern *E*, more clouds can be drawn; on *B*, more scattered flowers; on *F* and *C*, more fish or butterflies.

If a design is centered, like rosebush *B*, be sure to draw the center exactly on the center of your pattern. Draw your paper pattern carefully in pencil, then trace it to the *inside* of your window shade by blacking the back of the pattern with soft lead pencil, or by using carbon paper. A few sheets can be moved around so you need not cover the entire surface at once. Fasten the pattern securely to the shade. Paper clips around the edge are best.

If your design is a border only, draw it on paper the correct size and trace this onto the shade. For a border such as the little elephants, only one pattern is needed. It can be traced repeatedly to fit the space. Be sure to center the middle figure.

For an all-over design, like *C*,





you need not draw an entire paper pattern. Butterflies or flowers can be spotted hit-and-miss or arranged in some order, such as concentric circles. Make at least two different paper butterfly shapes about two inches in size. Draw one-half, fold down the center, then cut out both sides together. When opened, this gives a perfect shape that can be used as a pattern. Body, head and feelers are added, and dots or other markings on the wings.

If possible, test your colors on some old shade cloth like the kind you are decorating. Then you will know how dark or bright to make each color. Work with the shade spread on a large table, unrolling it at one end, and rolling at the other, if the table is not big enough to take the entire length. Paint just as you would paint on paper, using a large water-color brush for large areas and a small brush for small spots. Paint as quickly as possible with a brush that is not too wet. After dipping it in paint, wipe it on the edge of the pan or

dish. Be sure to mix enough paint before you start. If paint puddles form on the cloth, pick them up with a dried brush. But do not try to retouch partially dried paint.

On designs like *A*, *B* and *C*, which have heavy outlines, paint the colors first—the Madonna's cloak in blue and the stained-glass colors in the background. Flesh tones should be tinted, but leave the Child's clothes, the veil and sleeves white or the same color as the shade. Jewel-like colors, such as red, green and purple, are effective on the background. The leading, or heavy black outlines, are added last with black waterproof ink in a poster or duck-bill pen.

For design *B*, paint roses red or pink. Petals can be shaded with water toward the center, then yellow centers added after the petal paint is dry. Leaves and stems are green. Outlines are made with black ink and a poster pen.

For design *E*, paint the lower part of the sky in shades of blue and the ground in shades of green, darker toward the bottom. Leave buildings white or the same color as the shade. Make stars orange. All outlines are black. Other designs may be outlined with colored ink using a fine pen, but paint alone is enough. Colors of butterflies should be gay. Fruit and flowers can be whatever you like. Fish are attractive in orange, red and brown against blue and green waves and seaweed.

Those with artistic ability may wish to create their own designs. Those who do not, can use any of the patterns shown on this page. Designs *B* and *E* are quite easy to copy. To draw design *B*, first rule the center stem. Then add the other stems, then roses, leaves and outside flowers and dots.

Patterns *f-f*, *d* and *h* can be enlarged and copied. The squares represent one inch or one and one-half inches, depending on how big you wish the figures to be. Rule pencil lines on plain paper, to form squares; then copy the outlines in each square, making them bigger to fit the bigger penciled squares.

To copy design *A*, rule the background white lines right across the

picture, so they form squares. A sharply pointed colored pencil, such as red or green, is best. Cut wrapping paper the exact size of your shade. Divide the width into eight equal sections. Measure a section and draw lines across and up and down to form squares, each one-eighth the width of the shade. Copy the illustration square by square. True all lines when complete. Trace to shade cloth; then paint as already described.

If you have some discarded window shades, you can paint special designs for seasonal occasions, as Christmas, Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and so on. These are particularly effective for a class, club or other community room where festive decorations are difficult to achieve, or where something unusual is desired. When the occasion passes, remove the shades, and store them for use again the following year. Decorated shades can also be hung on a wall as a background for pageants or programs.





Over the Back Fence

Seeds for Democracy

Can one plant tomatoes and reap democracy? Sounds almost as impossible as gathering figs from thistles!

Yet something like that is happening through the *Seeds for Democracy* program sponsored by the Committee for Free Asia, Inc.

During 1951, Americans contributed over 511,000 packets of vegetable seeds which were distributed in the Philippine Islands. The gardens planted from these seeds will grow a harvest of health for hungry bodies and of goodwill for the democratic spirit of the senders.

A goal of one million packets of seeds for 1952 has been set. One package of seeds plus the labor of the Filipino gardener can produce \$10.00 worth of vegetables. It should be easy to get several million packages of seeds for this purpose. Probably in no other way can one do so much with so little.

So, send one or more packages of seeds to Seeds for Democracy, Two Pine Street, San Francisco 11, California. Enclose your name and it is likely you will get a "pen pal" from the Philippines. Send your seeds before or as soon after June 3 as possible. Seeds most wanted are: green string beans, Chinese cabbage, green pepper, peas, mustard, eggplant, collard, cucumber, carrot, turnip, watermelon, kohlrabi, loose-leaf lettuce, tomato, spinach, and radish.

The Cause of It All

What is the reason for the decline in public morals in the United States, of which we have been hearing and reading so much? An article in the *United Nations World* magazine in February, by Saul Padovar, gave three: (1) The consequences of the war. War is always followed by a period of lowered morality. (2) The consequences of urbanization and industrialization. The impersonalism of big cities and giant industry results in lax morals. (3) The cult of materialism and individualism. Greed and selfishness are in the saddle and they ride us hard.

Undoubtedly, there is much to what Mr. Padovar

says. It is doubtful, however, whether he has reached to the root reason for the widespread moral decay of our times.

One might well raise the question as to just when "public morals" ever were particularly high. They were not so elevated in Moses' day—so we have the Ten Commandments. They were not so lofty in the day of the great prophets—Amos, for example. That's why we have his blistering sermons, so full of the sandpaper of denunciation. They were not so noble in Paul's time—read his letters to the "saints" at Corinth, Galatia, and Rome. They have never been particularly high in the United States—every generation has been rocked with exposures of corruption.

Rather than ask, "Why the *decline* in public morals?" we would better say, "What makes public morals always so low?"

The answer is just what it was in Moses', Amos', and Paul's generations. Public morals are always low when the public loses, if it has ever had, touch with the God of moral righteousness who demands a similar ethical idealism of his people. One might well ask, What can you expect of any nation which is barely fifty per cent affiliated with any type of religious organization?

We do not imply that all who have their names on church rolls are moral and all who do not are immoral. Far from it. We do mean that public morals will never reach a very high plane until the public generally obeys the prophet's injunction, "Seek the Lord and you will live," or the gentle insistent imperative of Jesus, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Ancient Corruption in Government

Here is a medieval English proverb on the matter of equitable justice that is worth pondering, long and soberly:

The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose off the common;
But lets the greater felon loose,
Who steals the common from the goose!



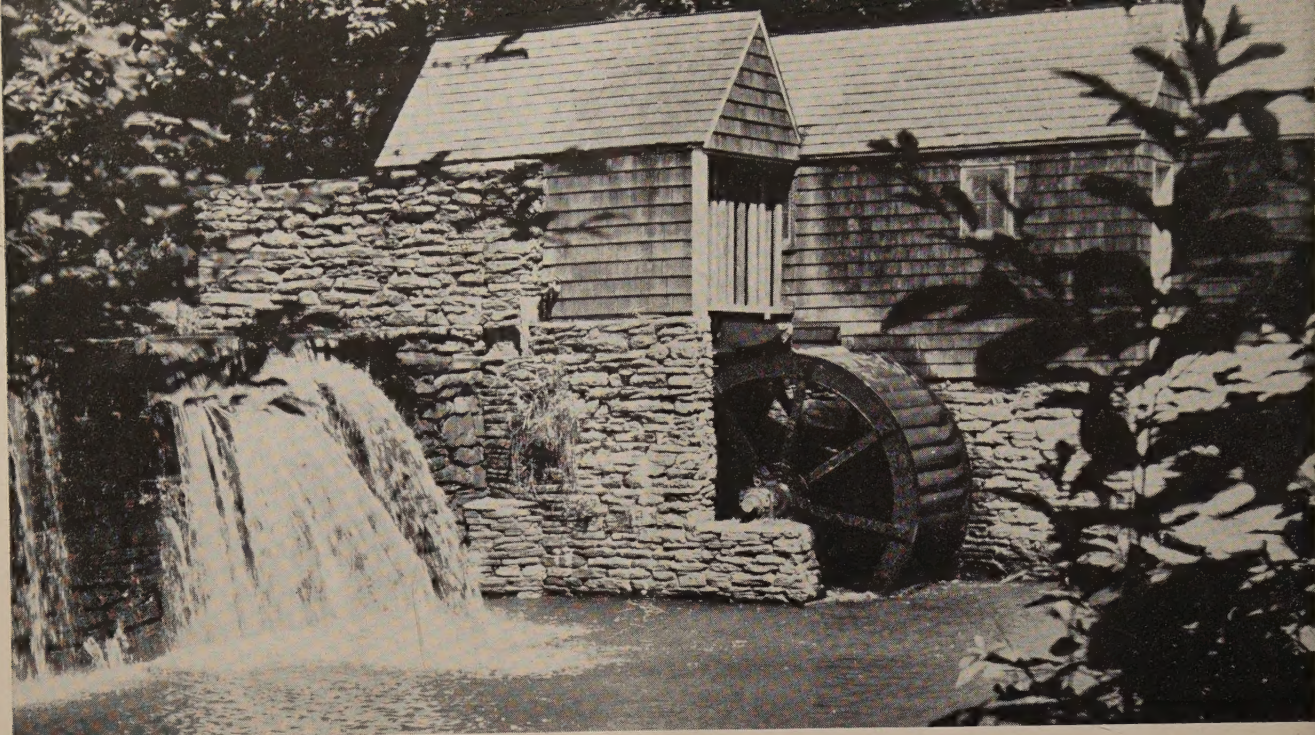
Millions of dollars' worth of private relief—billions of dollars' worth of public aid—have gone from this country to the distressed people and nations of the world since the war. Germ of this philanthropy is America's Christian sense of brotherhood. Godless communism has no such charity. Christian teaching bulwarks America's concern. The bulwark of Christian teaching is your church publishing house. And *its* bulwark, YOU!

YOU NEED YOUR PUBLISHING HOUSE *Progress through Cooperation* YOUR PUBLISHING HOUSE NEEDS YOU

The American Baptist Publication Society

-:-

Christian Board of Publication



At Home Abroad

RIGHT ABOUT NOW you're having family conferences on your summer vacation. Chances are, each one of you has a "pet" vacation spot, perhaps one like the peaceful rural setting shown above. But one thing *everyone* agrees on—your family altar goes with you wherever you may travel.

Families that build their daily devotions around the Bible and *THE SECRET PLACE* find that nothing—not even a vacation—can disrupt this wonderful communion. *THE SECRET PLACE*, as you know, is that friendly little guidebook that you carry in your

pocket and in your heart. Each day a fellow-Christian shares his best thoughts with you in a favorite Scripture selection, a heart-directed message of experience, and a prayer. You read, not passively, but striving to drain the essence of its wisdom and spirituality. And you go out refreshed from your participation.

And so, we wish you a happy vacation. We know it will be a *happier* one for having your good companions with you . . . your Bible and *THE SECRET PLACE*.



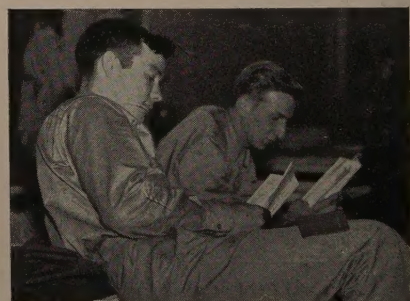
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